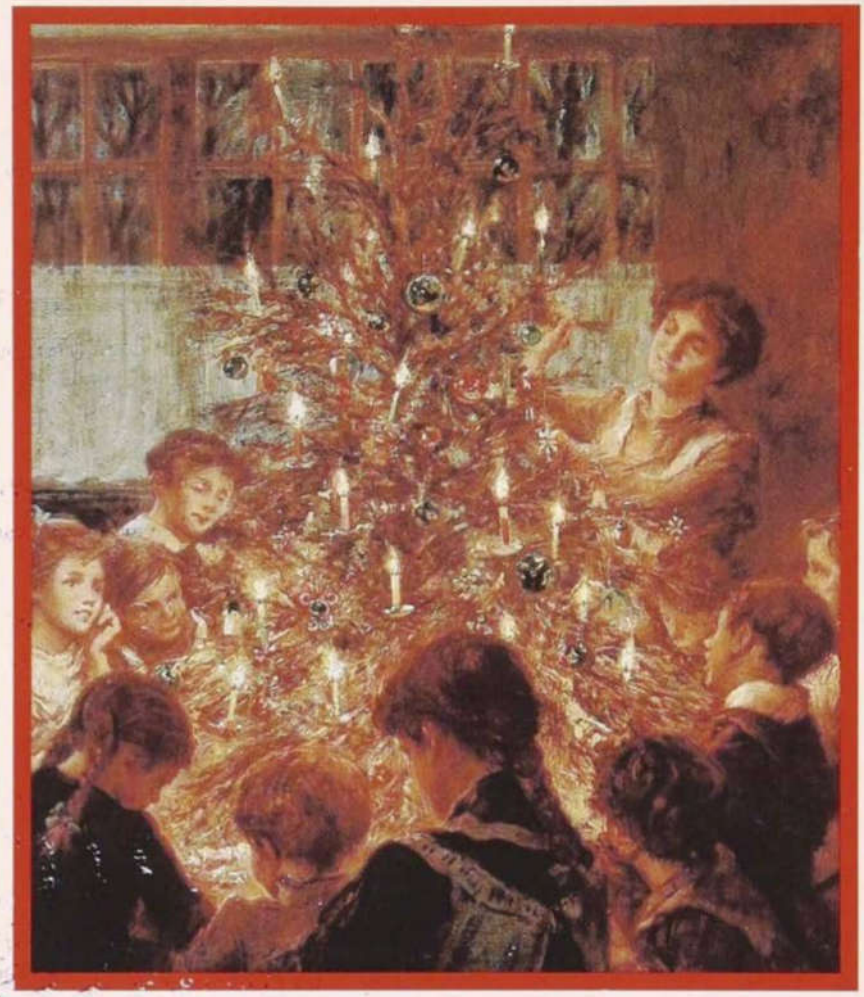
October / November 1996 $4.95

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

With Cabot to Newfoundland
Low Life in Old Montreal
Objections to Confederation

The Beaver for Christmas



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THE BEAVER

Exploring Canada's History

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By Ernest Board (1877-1934).
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Christopher Dafoe

The same — only slightly different

Observant readers of this issue of *The Beaver* may have already noted a change in the design of the magazine. The classic, uncluttered and easy-to-read format for which the magazine has long been admired has been retained, but an effort has been made to make the magazine even more attractive

Priceless Books from Old Fur Trade Libraries

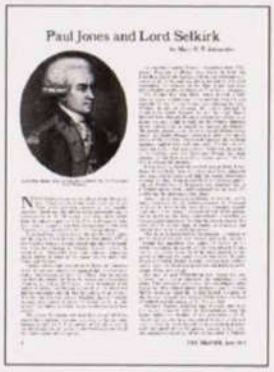
1935

to the eye and more tempting to read by introducing enlarged margins to set off the text, enhanced captioning, a better display of art, headlines and bylines and other innovations made possible by recent technological advances.

Some contemporary magazines appear to change their designs from issue to issue, as often as they replace their art directors or editors or every time circulation appears to be falling off. *The Beaver*, on the other hand, has been circumspect about design changes over the years, having achieved, fairly early in its 76-year history, a style and standard of presentation that seemed well suited to the subject matter of the widely-admired periodical and well attuned to the aesthetic sensibilities of the sophisticated and demanding *Beaver* readership.

Those who collect back issues of *The Beaver* — and a remarkable number of our readers do — will know that elegance of design and clarity of presentation have been major concerns for those editing *The Beaver* since the 1930s.

In its earliest manifestation during the 1920s, *The Beaver*, as the Hudson's Bay Company staff magazine it then was, served chiefly as a vehicle for information of interest to company employees. The desire then was to pack as much information and news as possible into a simple format, with only a modest attempt at attractive design. The design of the magazine, then as later, was suited to the subject matter.


Paul Jones and Lord Selkirk

1943

Under editor Douglas MacKay in the 1930s *The Beaver* became something quite different, with expanded page size, enhanced content and a much greater use of art and photography. *The Beaver* became a handsomely produced, well-written and highly interesting magazine that people wanted to read and keep and the magazine's design kept pace with its advancing aspirations.

Over the decades since Douglas MacKay was editor the design of *The Beaver* has evolved in often subtle ways, reflecting changing times and tastes. The page setup, involving two columns of text for feature articles and three column design for "departments" such as letters and book reviews, has been a constant factor throughout the decades and has, in fact, been retained in the new designs introduced with this issue.

Under various editors — there have been five since Douglas MacKay's day — innovations in design and format have been introduced from time to time — sometimes for reasons of economy, often because of changes in technology or fashion — but *The Beaver* has been recognizably *The Beaver* over all the long years. The innovative designs introduced with this issue will not change that. For most readers, we suspect, *The Beaver* will be the same — only slightly different.

The decision to freshen, enhance and, to some extent, modernize the magazine's design was prompted by a major change that recently came about in the method of producing the magazine.

A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

Indian Captivity Stories Thrilled Victorian Readers — But Were They True?

1988

With the June/July 1996 issue *The Beaver* was produced, for the first time, by means of "desktop" technology, with all aspects of production, with the exception of the final stage of preparation and the actual printing of the magazine, taking place in our office.

All issues before June/July 1996, dating back to the first issue of October 1920, were produced in a more or less "traditional" way. Articles were edited "in office" and sent to the printer, who supplied "galley proofs" from which the editors prepared "layouts" which were returned to the printers for processing. Later, the printers supplied "page proofs" and, later still, a final "blueline proof" before the magazine went to press. In earlier years the magazine was

prepared by the printers using the old-fashioned technology of "hot" linotype machines, engraving and the other procedures of traditional printing. Latterly, modern computer technology was used by the printers in the preparation of the magazine, although the editors continued to use paper, pencils, rulers and paste in the traditional way.

These old-fashioned production methods were time-consuming and increasingly expensive. With the introduction of the "Power Mac" and various modern computer publishing programs to our office this year, *The Beaver* joined the mainstream of the latter twentieth century and found itself well along the technology highway that leads to the millenium. Design innovations to enhance and improve the format and readability of the magazine — formerly only things to dream about — have now come within our grasp. As we mastered the new technology and became aware of its power, it became clear that the moment had come to explore ways in which these technical gifts could be best employed to improve and enhance the magazine for the benefit of our readers.

As always, we have been circumspect, avoiding change for the mere sake of change, rejecting innovation just to be different. Instead, we have chosen a format that helps us to enhance and improve a basic design concept that has served us and our readers well over many years. The "New" *Beaver* is not a stranger. We hope you recognize it and like it. ◆

A new name for *The Beaver*?

Should *The Beaver* change its name? Every editor since the 1930s has wrestled with that question — and for many good reasons.

When the Hudson's Bay Company was planning a staff magazine at the time of its 250th anniversary, the first editor, Clifton M. Thomas, looked about for something catchy that would sum up the Honourable Company's long history in the North American fur trade. *HBC Journal*, was suggested, or *The Canadian Trader*. At one moment the strange title *Hudson's Bay Blanket* was considered. In the end, however, Thomas and his colleagues settled on *The Beaver: A Journal of Progress*, as something that sounded historic and yet up-to-date, even ahead of its time. The beaver, after all, was the foundation of the fur trade and the fur trade provided the foundation for what would become the nation of Canada.

When Douglas MacKay was editor during the 1930s he suggested a name change to more adequately reflect the true nature of the magazine, which had, under his editorship, ceased to be a "staff magazine" and become a journal devoted to the Hudson's Bay Company's long history and current activity in the Canadian North. We do not know what name MacKay would have chosen, but in the event his proposal was vetoed from above. MacKay was only able to add the subtitle "A Magazine of the North".

In the years that followed, other editors chaffed under what they regarded as a difficult and often troublesome name. In a letter to the current editor some months ago, former editor Malvina Bolus recalled that she had dreamed of giving the magazine a new name during her term.

In 1985, when the decision was made to give *The Beaver* a mandate to concentrate exclusively on Canadian history, a change of name was considered, but at the time the magazine was still a publication of the Hudson's Bay Company and it was felt that a change of name, however desirable, was not appropriate. The sub-title "Exploring Canada's History" was added instead.

What are the long-standing objections to the current title?

People with a long association with the magazine know what sort of magazine *The Beaver* is, but thousands of others, many of them potential subscribers, find the existing title unhelpful. Is it an animal magazine? Is it for children? Is it — Heaven forbid! — a pornographic magazine?

Very little about the current title suggests that this magazine is a journal of Canadian history. In the current Canadian magazine market, where hundreds of magazines jostle for attention, it helps if potential readers recognize instantly what sort of magazine you are. With a title such as *Canada's History*, the magazine would signal directly to potential readers from the crowded newsstand. It would no longer be necessary to explain to possible subscribers that *The Beaver* is about Canadian history, not Canadian wildlife. Enthusiastic contributors might refrain from sending in unsolicited manuscripts about baby raccoons or naughty models.

It is a simple problem, but a perplexing one. In changing its name the magazine would be breaking with a 76-year tradition, but a new name might well help make the magazine and its traditions known to a much wider audience than has been possible until now.

Two years ago *The Beaver* ceased to be a publication of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is now published by Canada's National History Society, an organization set up to promote interest in and knowledge of Canadian history. This could be the appropriate moment to retire the old title with honour and take on a new name that better describes what this magazine is really about. *The Beaver* has had a long and distinguished history, but it has expanded its horizons and its scope and now has different work to do in a changed world.

It seems to us that a new name is needed to adequately represent this history magazine in the next phase of its existence. Shall it be *Canada's History* or does some other name suggest itself? We would like to hear from the readers. **Write and tell us what you think.** ◆

The Spirit of Adventure

John Cabot, the merchants of Bristol and the re-discovery of America

By Lloyd Edward Kermode

Despite the extensive nineteenth- and twentieth-century remodelling of the city of Bristol the casual visitor will still stumble upon markers of its maritime past; and the determined inquirer can customize a tour of the town centre so that the port's history presents itself at almost every turn.

Tall ships, barges, and sailing boats variously occupy the canal and river berths; plaques and statues lie and stand (sometimes rather inconspicuously) on walls and plinths; the trading nails of the corn market where foreign merchants would come to "pay on the nail" still line the cobbled street; and the sailors' almshouses, seventeenth-century pubs, and riverside granary and works remain as functioning architectural artifacts.

Tucked high up the estuary that divides the South West of England from Wales, Bristol's early reputation was mixed. A well-known haven and gateway for sea-faring outlaws and runaways, Bristol is recorded in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* for the year 1051, when the rebel Godwine, Earl of Wessex, escaped through Bristol despite a force sent by the king, who "could not, or would not" capture him.

Later in the eleventh century the long-running domestic slave trade between England and Ireland via Bristol port was finally stopped, but throughout the 1100s Bristol remained a city full of life, full of trade (both legal and illicit), and full of dangerous characters.

The *Gesta Stephani*, an anonymous chronicle of the early twelfth century, paints a prettier picture:

> Bristol is well-nigh the most opulent city in the country; admitting merchandise by shipping both from the neighbouring and foreign parts; seated in a very fertile part of England, and, in point of situation, the most impregnable of all the English cities. A strong and forcible current of the sea also, flowing in abundance night and day ... affords a harbour of the utmost security, and well capable of holding a thousand vessels; and this embraces its circumference so nearly and closely that the whole city seems altogether to sink down upon the shores, and, as it were, to float upon the water.

Such a view of the city would later allow comparisons with that other merchant-filled city, Venice; and the impressive bridge over the River Avon — which had earned the City the name "Brycgstow" or "the place of the bridge" by the year 1000 — would draw inevitable parallels with the city of London, the plans of the two cities being remarkably alike. Bristol remained a town of high profile through the Middle Ages and into the Tudor period when the town, known for its safe port, corruptible (or sympathetic) officials, and nook-and-cranny streets (perfect for hiding away), was entered by immigrants running from the Continental persecutions of the Inquisition.

In 1484 a great storm and flood wrecked the centre of Bristol, as recorded by Robert Ricart, the town clerk, in his *Kalendar* for that year:

> This year, the 15th day of October, was the greatest flood and the greatest wind at Bristowe and in the country thereabouts that ever was seen, and great hurt done in the merchants' sellers in wood and salt; ships lost at King Road, the *Anthony* of Bristowe and a ship of Bilbao set aland at Hollow Backs, and other boats and cocks lost; saltmarsh drowned, corn, cattle, and houses borne away with the sea, and much people drowned, to the number of 200 and more.

Two years later Henry VII visited the town, now recovered, where he was met with great ceremony and stayed for three days at St. Augustine's Abbey, later to be Bristol Cathedral. By 1497, the significant year for us here, the Bristol of rebellion had surely turned coat and showed its Royalist colours. Anti-tax rebels from Cornwall rose against the king and in their march westward demanded entry into Bristol:

> But the Mayor sent them word that they should come no nearer, and if they would come near, at their own adventure. And then the Mayor mustered and made ready to withstand the said rebels, and garnished the town walls with men harnessed and with guns, and brought ships and boats about the marshe, garnished with men, artillery, and guns. And the said rebels hearing of this changed their purpose and took another way.

Whether such a show of loyalty to the Crown would have endeared Bristol to the king, and encouraged him to keep up the support he had already begun for the city's growing band of adventurers is questionable. But it could not have done much harm.

One such adventurer — a Venetian citizen, though probably Genoese by birth — was Giovanni Caboto. During the late 1470s or perhaps the early 1480s when he got married, the thirty-something Cabot was making eastward trading journeys from Italy into less-than-stable Ottoman territory. One of Cabot's countrymen would later write of him:

> He says that on previous occasions he has been to Mecca, whither spices are borne by caravans from distant countries. When he asked those who brought them what was the place of origin of these spices, they answered that they did not know, but that other caravans came with this merchandise to their homes from distant countries, and these again said that their goods had been brought to them from other remote regions. He therefore reasons that if the easterners declare to the southerners that these things come from places far away from them, and so on from one to the other, always assuming that the earth is round, it follows as a matter of course that the last of all must take them in the north towards the west.

This logical reasoning led to some wonderfully paradoxical wording when describing journeys. In the same letter we read that Cabot in 1497 "started from Bristol, a port on the west of this kingdom, passed Ireland, which is still further west, and then bore towards the north, in order to sail to the east, leaving the north on his right hand after some days."

The replica of the 'Matthew' makes its first journey through the Bristol Channel under Brunel's Clifton suspension bridge. (Photo courtesy of Bristol United Press)

With this theorem of meeting the east by going west, and with the legends of the island of Brasile, the Isle of the Seven Cities, and the marvels of Cathay to spur them on, explorers set their sights on the Atlantic.

Adventurers may have been leaving Bristol to look for the isles as early as 1470; our first certain record is of one John Jay (a.k.a. Hugh Say of London),who set out for the Isle of Brasile in July 1480 but returned unsuccessful after nine weeks. Our reliable informer in this case was the topographer and chronicler William Worcestre, Bristol's predecessor to the later and more famous John Stow of London.

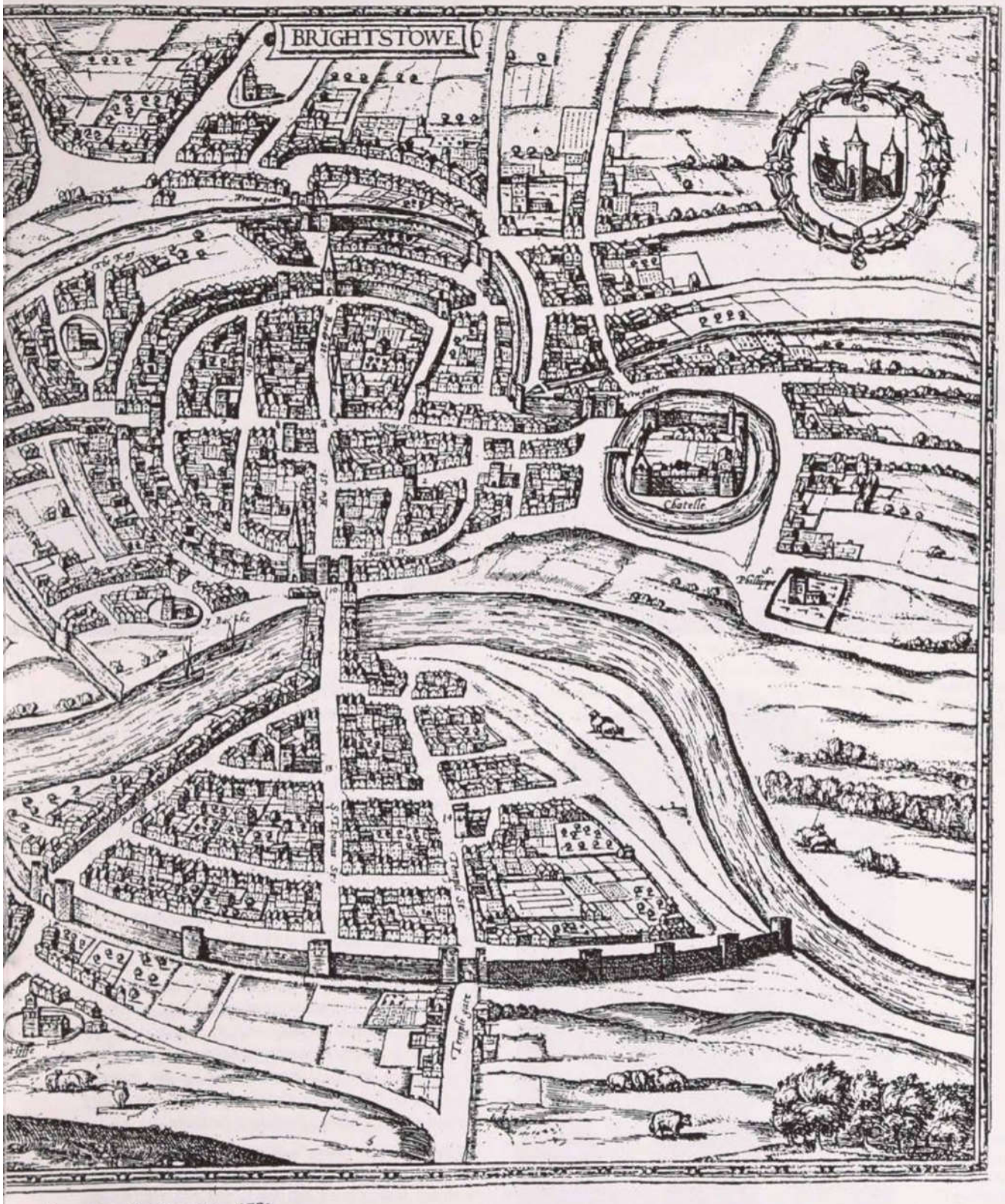
Worcestre took interest in the voyage because he was related by marriage to Jay. Such coincidence is one of the wonders of history — without this familial connection we would have no record of this expedition. Moreover, without one Thomas Croft's record of alleged misconduct in illegal trading (and his subsequent acquittal), we would not know about another expedition one year later when two ships, the *George* and the *Trinity*, part owned by Croft, set out for the Isle of Brasile. There is no record concerning their success or failure.

Other correspondences and documents suggest further voyages around the 1480s but they cannot be substantiated. It is also not clear that such journeys would have been to seek new lands at all; the Bristol men were also interested in looking for new fishing waters for the cod that they were used to catching in Icelandic waters. It may be that a few of the Bristol vessels leaving port at this early stage were already fishing the teeming shoals in the waters off Newfoundland; it is a very long way to go, but salt cod, or stockfish, was staple food in England, and disagreements building up between England and Denmark (controllers of the Icelandic fishing regions) could have sent forward-thinking — and highly competent — seamen venturing further for their catches.

The planning and expedition of 1497

When Christopher Columbus returned from his rediscovery of the islands of the "Indies" in April of 1493 he dazzled the court with his artifacts. There is a record that seems to place John Cabot in Valencia in 1492; if he was in that port in the early 1490s he would almost certainly have made the effort to meet Columbus during his triumphal spring progress via Valencia to Barcelona.

By 1400 Marco Polo's travels had been translated from the original Italianate French into Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German, and if Cabot had heard Columbus and seen his goods, he may have noticed a disparity between the wonders Marco Polo claimed to have seen and the relative trinkets



Georgius Hoefnagle, 1581

Above:
'Matthew' off the coast of Cornwall, July 1996. (Photo by Colin Sangers.)

Right:
King Henry VII, Cabot's royal patron. (National Portrait Gallery.)

that Columbus had to offer. Was Columbus mistaken? Were the islands of plenty still to be found?

Realizing that the Spanish regents would now be fully behind Columbus, Cabot went north to petition the King of England for his proposed expedition. Armed with maps and his famous "kindly wit", he convinced the king both of the promise of the voyage, and just as important — in view of the fragile relations between the two countries — of the fact that the region into which he would be travelling had not been granted to Spain by the Papal Bull of 1493 that split the world between Spain and Portugal.

In fact, soon after Cabot was allowed to leave Bristol on his second voyage in the late spring of 1498, the Spanish Ambassador to England, Pedro de Ayala, wrote to his sovereigns to insist that their rights were being infringed, and in the process revealed a little more about earlier (the wording would suggest unsuccessful) expeditions:

> For the last seven years the people of Bristol have equipped two, three[,] four caravels to go in search of the island of Brasile and the Seven Cities according to the fancy of this Genoese ... The king made up his mind to send thither, because last year sure proof was brought him

they had found land ... I find that what they have discovered or are in search of is possessed by Your Highnesses because it is at the cape which fell to Your Highnesses by the convention with Portugal ... the chart or mappemonde which this man [Cabot] has made, I do not send it now, although it is here, and so far as I can see exceedingly false, in order to make believe that these are not part of the said islands.

Despite perhaps being able to foresee such trouble, Henry VII granted his letters patent on 5 March 1496, allowing Cabot and his sons: "to find, discover and investigate whatsoever islands, countries, regions or provinces of heathens and infidels, in whatsoever part of the world placed, which before this time were unknown to all Christians ... the before-mentioned John and his sons or their heirs and deputies may conquer, occupy and possess whatsoever such towns, castles, cities and islands by them thus discovered that they may be able to conquer, occupy and possess ... they are bound ... to pay us, either in goods or money, the fifth part of the whole capital gained, we giving and granting to them and to their heirs and deputies, that they shall be free and exempt from all payment of customs on all and singular goods and merchandise that they may bring back with them from those places thus newly discovered."

In the end it was not a fleet that left Bristol, no crusade to Christianize and conquer the "infidel". Perhaps there was a general apathy amongst the merchants and middle-class investors to put money into a voyage of chance. For whatever reason, just one modest but sturdy "Bristol fashion" ship, the *Matthew*, and a crew of some 18 or 20 (hardly enough to "conquer, occupy or possess" the land they headed for), set out in May 1497. We have no log book from the ship, no records or memoirs from Cabot himself, but only correspondence from after the *Matthew*'s return to England on 6 August of the same year.

It was early morning on the feast of Saint John, the Midsummer's Day of 24 June, when Cabot sighted land. It is still unclear exactly where landfall was made: monuments to the landing are set up at St. John's, Newfoundland, and Cape North, Nova Scotia, but current thinking favours Bonavista in Newfoundland. If Cabot kept on his latitude, bearing due west from the south-west coast of Ireland he would have landed on the north of the island of Newfoundland, or possibly on the southern tip of Labrador. In other words, the spot — or just a few miles south of — where Eirik the Red's intrepid son, Leif the Lucky, and the later Thorfinnur Karlsefni had 500 years earlier set up their temporary colonies.

When Cabot's crew went ashore they made a find that modern scholars have identified with the Newfoundland Beothuk Indians rather than Indians of Nova Scotian habitation: on the ground was a fire-place with a red-dyed stick, probably red ochre, which the Indians used to colour themselves. The *Matthew* coasted south, for how far we are not sure. Three hundred leagues of coasting are mentioned in a later letter (about 800 miles, taking into account the probability that the Italian letter writer was using Italian mariner's measurements, which make a league about two and a half rather than the British three miles). This would have taken Cabot from a landing somewhere around south Labrador, or northern Newfoundland, down to the region of Halifax.

If the *Matthew* went as far as the southern tip of Nova Scotia, the tides into the Gulf of Maine and the Bay of Fundy, which uniquely exceed those of Bristol, would have suggested to Cabot that this promontory was part of an island, not contiguous with an enormous mainland. It is tempting to think of the mariner so close to a new significant coast, yet turning back because of the deceptive information of the sea. The same letter that gives us the coasting distance, however (it was written by Lorenzo Pasqualigo, another Venetian living in England in 1497), also tells us that Cabot "says the tides are slack and do not run as they do here." It is not clear if the writer is talking about the tides near the mainland, or around two islands that Cabot apparently spotted on the way back but decided to avoid; either way, if Cabot had indeed sailed that far south and felt the strong tides, it seems like the kind of detail a mariner would note down as of primary interest.

Early mariners claimed that the magical island of Brasil or Brasile was to be found off the coast of Ireland, beyond the Blasket islands. It has never been located. Some claimed it appeared only every seven years.

Cabot returns to a hero's welcome

Cabot, then, rediscovered either the southern mainland or the island of Newfoundland, and then coasted along the shores of Nova Scotia. Modern maritime scholarship has tended to place Cabot's coasting, and possibly his landfall, further south. He probably did not enter the strait that bears his name, into which the explorer Jacques Cartier sailed in the 1530s to discover the St. Lawrence and confirm the existence of grapes at such a northerly latitude. This latter find supports the theory that the Norse "Vinland" does indeed refer to the grapes and wine of the land rather than its common meaning simply of pasture or grassland; after all, just as Eirik the Red named his new land "Greenland" to attract the Icelanders, his son would have wanted to think of a new attractive name, rather than something as similar to Greenland as "Grass Land."

The few reports of this voyage both help and hinder the historian, giving us both the geographi-

cal facts and the romantic interpretations. Inscribed upon a 1544 map of the world (the Paris Map in the Bibliothèque Nationale) we read an inscription, probably by John Cabot's son Sebastian, a sailor and cartographer who usurped his father's reputation increasingly during the first half of the sixteenth century. The passage telescopes John Cabot's achievement with more recent discovery and surmise, and misdates the landfall:

> This land was discovered by John Cabot the Venetian, and Sebastian Cabot his son, in the year of the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ 1494, on the 24th. of June in the morning, to which they gave the name Land First Seen, and to a large island which is near the said land they gave the name Saint John, because it had been discovered on the same day. The people of it go dressed in the skins of animals; they use in their wars bows and arrows, lances and darts, and certain clubs of woods, and slings. The land is very barren.There are in it many white bears, and very large stags like horses, and many other animals; and likewise there is an infinite quantity of fish ... and many other birds of different kinds.

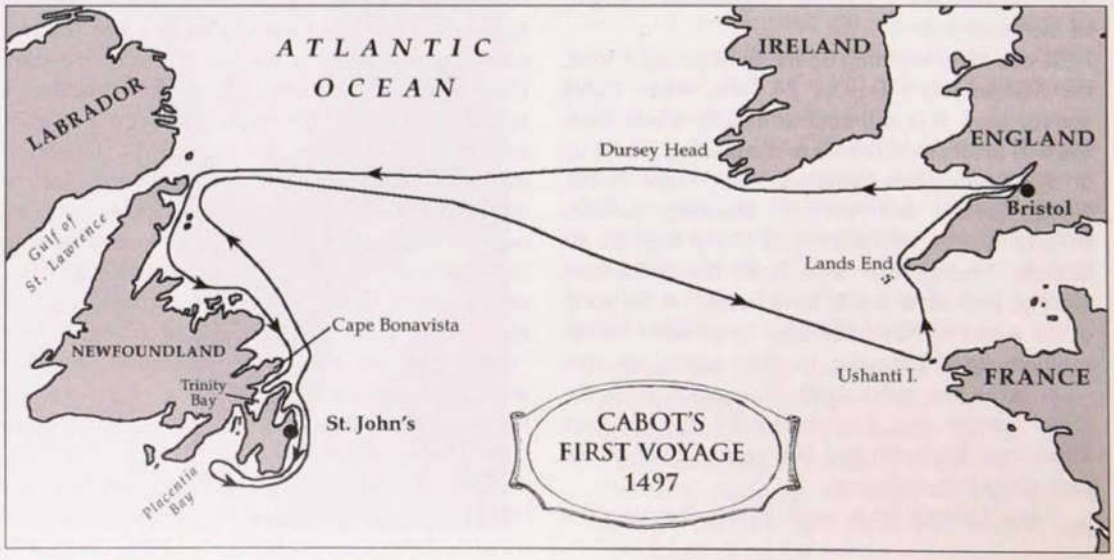
The date seems to be a mistake (although it has encouraged claims of an earlier expedition), and may be the result of a confusion whereby the Roman numeral date MCCCCXCVII in the original Spanish manuscript of a separate map legend, was misread as MCCCCXCIIII by a redactor who inscribed the Paris copy. Sebastian's own presence on the ship must be doubted (he would have been 13 or 14 years old), but the points about the animals, particularly what must be moose, and the emphasis on the quantity of fish are pertinent.

Raimondo de Raimondi, who had spoken to Cabot of his travels to Mecca, reported how "Zoane Caboto" had marvellously "gained a part of Asia without a stroke of the sword" and how "the sea there is swarming with fish, which can be taken not only with the net, but in baskets let down with a stone, so that it sinks in the water."

It is not a giant leap from the seeming godsends of ubiquitous birds, fish, and land to the claims that we find in the *Calendar of State Papers, Milan*, that Cabot "has found two very large and fertile new islands. He has also discovered the Seven Cities, 400 leagues from England, on the western passage. This next spring his Majesty means to send him off with fifteen or twenty ships."

The Venetian Pasqualigo, although highly excited by the whole affair, keeps a comparatively level head. From him we learn more sober facts, such as that Cabot "brought here to the King certain snares which were spread to take game and a needle for making nets, and he found certain notched trees so that by this he judges that there are inhabitants ... The King here is much pleased at this." In fact Henry VII was so pleased he immediately endowed Cabot with a twenty-pound-per-year pension and the promise of a second patent, which was issued on 3 February 1498.

It was all quite a leap of fortune for Cabot. Taking these subjective views with a pinch of sea salt, we hear that on his return "This Messer Zoane, as a foreigner and a poor man, would not have obtained credence, had it not been that his companions, who are practically all English and from Bristol, testified that he spoke the truth. This Messer Zoane has the description of the world in a map, and also in a solid sphere, which he has made, and shows where he has been." (The "solid sphere" would have been a wonderful novelty to display before the king; the first terrestrial globe had been constructed only five years earlier by



Martin Behaim, a geographer from Nuremberg.) Of this foreigner and poor man, now endowed with his king's pension, we read that "vast honour is paid to him and he goes dressed in silk, and these English run after him like mad, and indeed he can enlist as many of them as he pleases."

Raimondo de Raimondi confirms the euphoria felt in England following the expedition. He writes that the king will provide Cabot with ships and convicts to establish a colony in the New World. "By means of this they hope to make London a more important mart for spices than Alexandria." He then states that he has spoken with one of Cabot's crew who wants to return on the next mission because Cabot gave him an island. "He has given another to his barber, a Genoese by birth, and both consider themselves counts, while my lord Admiral esteems himself at least a prince."

Preparation and a second voyage

From such heights, where can one go but down? Cabot rented a house in St. Nicholas Street near the old Bristol Bridge for the winter of 1497-8. Those Englishmen who worshipped Cabot in his first weeks home may have drawn the line at actually risking their own lives to accompany him at sea, for he is reported to have travelled to Seville and Lisbon to enlist crews. Of course, this move may also have been prompted by his knowledge of these ports from his travels in the 1480s and early 1490s, or to consult map-makers, as his son Sebastian would do 50 years later.

When the patent was issued for the new voyage it was not for "fifteen or twenty ships" but only for six; they were, however, allowed to be of 200 tons, about three times the size of the *Matthew*. But the "malefactors" promised to set up a colony were denied, and only free persons willing to sail would be allowed Cabot — perhaps sufficient to set up a trading colony. De Ayala wrote to his king and queen on 25 July 1498, a good month into the voyage, "The fleet he prepared, which consisted of five vessels, was provisioned for a year. News has come that one of these ... has made land in Ireland in a great storm with the ship badly damaged. The Genoese kept on his way ... It is hoped they will be back by September."

But September came and went without word of the other four ships. Had they returned to England there would surely be extant records of the fact. Once again scholarly fashion is shifting: it now favours of the theorem that Cabot returned safely, on the basis that records show that his royal pension continued to be paid. But this conclusion may be influenced by patriotism as much as sound judgment; the king's patents often fell to "heirs and deputies" and while there was the chance that Cabot was alive the award was probably still payable.

Is it possible that four ships should be completely lost by highly respected mariners, several of whom had made the journey at least once before? Or is it more likely that they made landfall in the New World with disaster yet to come? They could have coasted as far south as Florida and met with the unimaginable force of tropical hurricanes, or less likely have begun a northern route — whether inland or toward home — and got caught in the fog or ice.

In 1501, Portuguese explorers brought back with them some Beothuk Indians from Newfoundland. The Indians were wearing what appeared to be Venetian rings and were in possession of a broken sword, possibly made by the respected armourers of Milan. Could the crew of the original voyage have left such things behind? The accidental loss of more than one piece of jewellery seems unlikely. In the light of the checkered history between the Indians and white settlers, a hypothesis for 1498 whereby these artifacts were traded by the Bristol crew, or the booty of battle, would seem more tenable.

If Cabot was indeed cut down in battle, how poignant it is to think that, like the injured Thorvald 500 years before him, buried in the place of which he once said, "It is beautiful here, and here I would like to dwell," the Venetian hero of Bristol ended his days in the land just north of "where he believed that all the spices of the world have their origin, as well as the jewels," a land in which he considered himself "prince".

Tailpiece: 1997

A new *Matthew* has been built. A centre of attraction at the Bristol '96 International Festival of the Sea, it sailed to Ireland, and then to France for Brest's "Le rendez-vous international des bateaux et des marins". In July it made its way home to Bristol, and harboured in Redcliffe just east of where Cabot probably boarded 500 years ago.

On 2 May 1997, the ship will be ready once again for the skipper to head out west, turn north, and "in order to sail to the east, [leave] the north on the right hand after some days," and brave the Atlantic. The *Matthew* was not taken on the fateful expedition of 1498, as shown by later Bristol trade records, which name the vessel as still active; certainly, it is the successful first journey that the new ship hopes to repeat when it aims for landfall at Bonavista, Newfoundland, on 24 June 1997. ◆

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Christopher Moore

When our first ministers announce some ill-fated new constitutional deal at Meech Lake or Charlottetown (or wherever they will meet next time), they invariably anoint themselves as the "new Fathers of Confederation". Unanimous in a visionary understanding, they declare, they are ready to build up a new nation together, if Canadians will only follow where they lead. Canadians, so far, have not.

But often we do accept that idea that the original Confederation was a natural and almost inevitable accomplishment, achieved in calm unanimity by visionary founders. In the 1990s, we often imagine that the political elite of the 1860s, untrammeled by doubt, division, or democracy, bequeathed to us in the British North America Act its combined and consensual wisdom. How easy the original constitution-makers must have had things, we might think, as they complacently and unanimously refused to consult the voters and overrode the petty nay-sayers who stood in the way of destiny.

Confederation was never so easy in reality. Constitution-making was at least as hotly contested in the 1860s as in the 1990s. The politicians of that day had deep ideological splits, deeper regional antagonisms, and seemingly bottomless personal hatreds. Several of the men we honour today as Fathers of Confederation actually opposed Confederation with a passion. In two of the original six participating provinces, they successfully prevented it from being ratified, and it was a near-run thing in most of the other four. The opposition to the "deal" reached at Quebec City in October 1864 and confirmed at Westminster in 1867 ran wide and deep.

If only to reassure ourselves that today's constitutional divisions and deadlocks are no unique calamity, it's worth re-examining some of the grounds for the opposition to Confederation which enlivened political life in the 1860s. Call them:

Objections to Confederation
The Top Ten of 1865

1. IT'S TOO CENTRALIZED

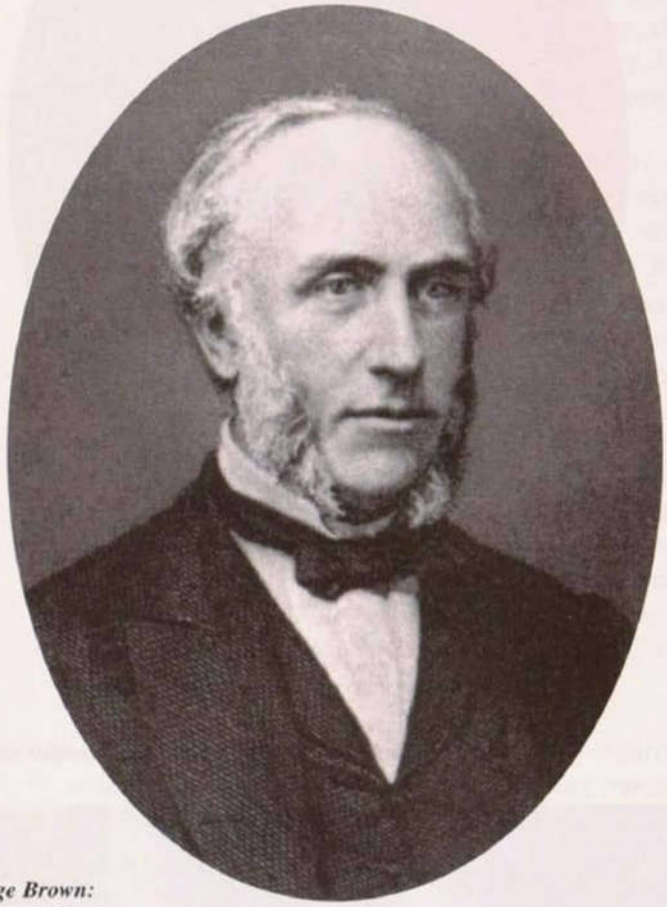
In the 1860s, says historian Peter Waite, even the word "confederation" encapsulated the eternal rivalry between central power and local autonomy. To English-language politicians, the "con" in "confederation" strengthened the union of the parts. But in French "confederation" implied a looser bond than "federation". "The Confederation I advocated," said Quebec's Antoine-Aimé Dorion, "was a *real* Confederation, giving the largest powers to the local governments and merely a delegated authority to the general government — in that respect differing in toto from the one now proposed." Dorion predicted the illusory powers being offered to the provinces in 1864 would soon be withdrawn. "It is intended eventually to form a legislative union of all the provinces," he predicted — one in which French voices would be swamped and Quebec's interests trampled.

Dorion was far from alone in his fear of a powerful central government. "What most Maritimers wanted," writes historian Phillip Buckner, "was to protect the corporate identities of their long-established local assemblies." And advocates of the Confederation proposed by the Quebec Conference did little to reassure local autonomists. John A. Macdonald foresaw the abolition of the provincial governments in his lifetime. Ontario's George Brown and Nova Scotia's Charles Tupper each said the provinces would merely be "municipal institutions".

A.A. Dorion: "A real Confederation."

Below: The Fathers at Charlottetown, September 1864.

"You shall not make a mayor out of *me*!" retorted Nova Scotia's governor Richard MacDonnell, and many Maritimers had a similar reaction. Without strong provinces, the overwhelming numerical superiority of "the Canadians" in the national parliament would doom the needs or interests of other regions. Critics all over Atlantic Canada denounced a plan concocted mostly to solve the problems of Ontario and Quebec (which until 1867 were united in the colony then called "Canada"). "The Maritime provinces ... must be seriously injured by a connection with a colony which must necessarily exercise a preponderating influence over all the others," was how William Annand of Halifax expressed the opposition of Maritimers who identified Canadian imperialism as the root of the Confederation plan.



George Brown: Confederation's champion.

This opposition to central power persisted beyond 1867 and reached from the east coast to the west. "We are a conquered country, and the Canadians take possession tomorrow," mourned one British Columbian as his province joined Canada in 1871.

2. IT'S TOO DECENTRALIZED

Complaints of excessive central power were heard everywhere in the 1860s — but so were complaints that Confederation would bring weakness at the centre. Many loyal British North Americans judged federalism incompatible with proper parliamentary government on the British model. Only "legislative union" — a single, national parliament, with no provincial assemblies to rival it, seemed acceptably British.

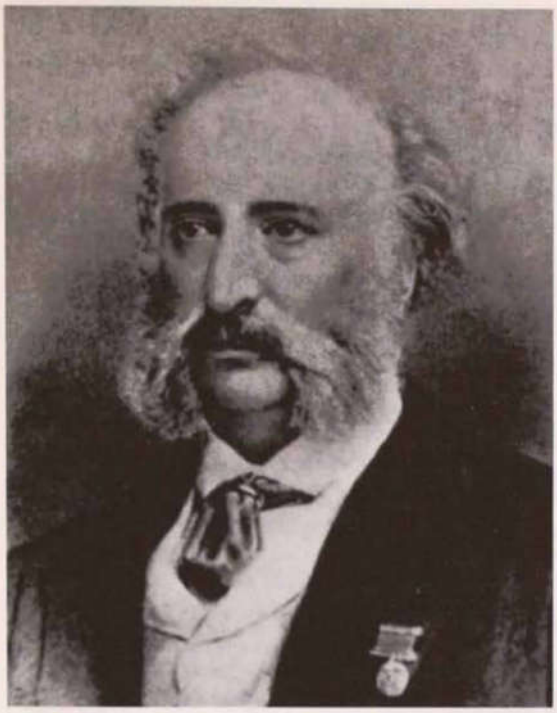
With the American Civil War raging across the border the argument that any federal system of government would lead to inevitable collapse was seductive. Even those who feared the power of a single legislature dominated by the largest province could simultaneously attack federalism as expensive, un-British, and unworkable. They argued that the 1864 proposal was too loose a union to be workable, even as they insisted they would not accept a tighter one. So the *Halifax Citizen*, no friend to Confederation, could denounce "that expensive double machinery of government, that attempts to neutralize sectional feelings and interests through a general government while perpetuating those feelings by means of local legislatures."

Much as localists might fear centralized government, local minorities feared oppression from the local one. Quebec's Protestants feared Catholic power in Quebec's new legislature, while Ontario Catholics feared Protestant power in Ontario's. Both groups argued Confederation gave too little power to a central government they considered much more likely to protect minority rights.

3. IT'S TOO SOON

Timothy Anglin, the most passionate anti-Confederate in New Brunswick, admitted that "circumstances might force union" — eventually. Why now, he asked, and why with such haste? The delegates had spent just 17 working days at Quebec, he noted, yet afterwards they refused to consider a single proposal to change the "treaty" they had made. If the idea was so good, he asked, why not take time to consider all its implications and smooth out its details?

Some historians think Anglin had a point. Phillip Buckner has suggested a federation made in the 1870s might have been less centralized and more wholeheartedly accepted. In *Northern Enterprise*, his history of Canadian business, Michael Bliss suggested most of the great expan-



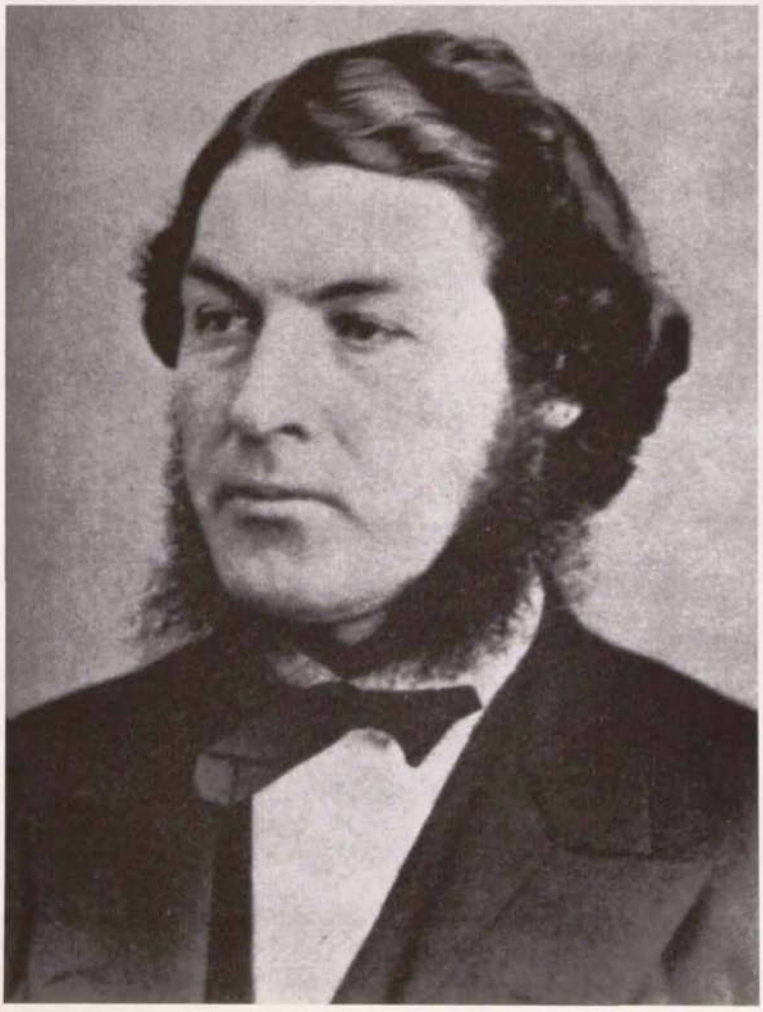
Left: Richard MacDonnell: "You shall not make a mayor out of me!"

No one expressed that sense better than Joseph Howe, who appealed to Nova Scotia's pride both in itself and in this long-established rank as a senior outpost of the British Empire. "We need not look for another [capital] in the backwoods of Canada," he sneered, "and may be pardoned if we prefer London under the dominion of John Bull to Ottawa under the dominion of Jack Frost." Newfoundland decided its long-separate history gave it nothing in common with the other colonies. It refused to be made into "the contemptible fag-end of such a compact."

5. IT DEMANDS TOO MUCH OF CENTRAL CANADA

"The plain meaning of this, sir, is that the lower provinces have made out a constitution for us and we are to adopt it," thundered Antoine-Aimé Dorion in the Canadian legislature in 1865. He

Charles Tupper: "Municipal institutions."

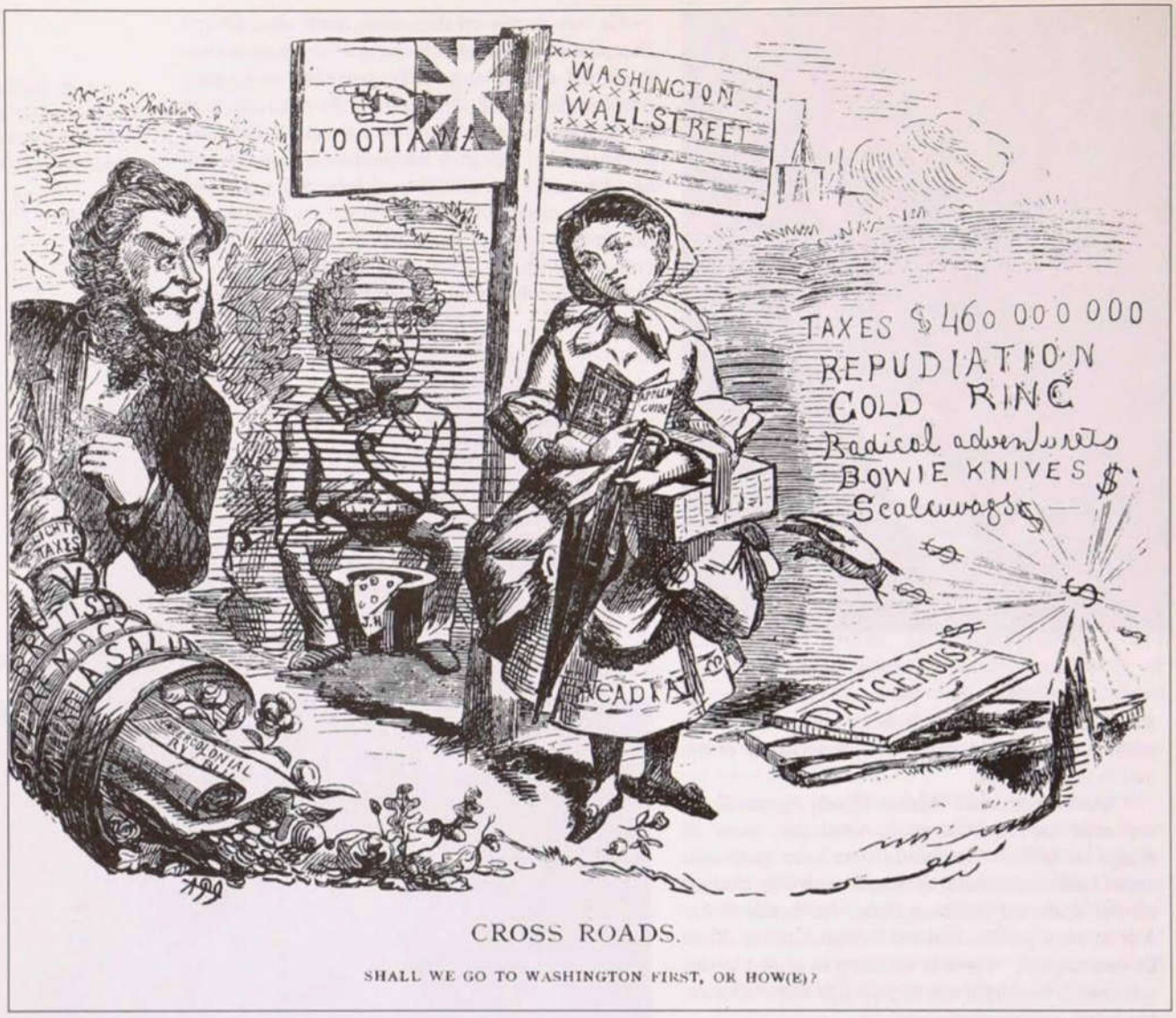


sion projects associated with Confederation were premature, given the small, simple economy of the nation in the 1860s.

Ontario politician Walter Shanly, generally a supporter of Confederation, took that view of things in 1865: "We should first have cultivated social and commercial relations with our kindred on the seaboard before uniting, for better or for worse, in a political union." And Antoine-Aimé Dorion argued, "There is no hurry in regard to this scheme ... We ought not to pass this measure now, but leave it to another year."

4. IT'S TOO LATE

On the other hand, perhaps federation was an idea whose time had passed. For every D'Arcy McGee who prophesized "a new nationality" growing from Confederation, there was a local patriot who refused to see his or her established identity submerged. The premier of Prince Edward Island said he was willing to annex Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to his island, but never to see it annexed to either of the others. Such local pride and patriotism was strong throughout the colonies. None of them gave up their traditional independence of each other easily. By the 1860s history had already made each province a self-sufficient community that would not easily sacrifice its identity for a new nationality.



Miss Maritimes ponders which direction to take, while Ottawa and Washington beckon. Joe Howe looks on anxiously.

urged the already-united Canadian province to solve its shared problems without "going on its knees and begging the little island of Prince Edward to come into this union." Ontarians, too, soon began to denounce Atlantic Canada's financial demands. "The country will be loaded with debts and taxes, burdened with the support of poorer colonies," moaned an Ottawa newspaper. By 1868, some Ontarian supporters of Confederation were appalled by the better financial terms with which John A. Macdonald induced Nova Scotia to stay in Canada. Nova Scotia could "fling its money into a lake" if it wanted, they said, but it should not extort from Ottawa federal monies taxed from wealthy Ontario.

6. IT GIVES TOO MUCH TO CENTRAL CANADA

"Do you wish the whole revenue of this country to be handed over to ... the dishonest statesmen of Canada?" asked a New Brunswick election poster in 1865. Prince Edward Islanders were apparently agreed that Confederation would only bring ruinous taxes and tariffs to pay for distant railways. Many Maritimers were sure that Confederation was a central Canadian answer to a central Canadian problem, and that the benefits of the deal would all be reaped in Ontario and Quebec.

Sometimes the accusation was more specific, targeting special business interests, particularly "the railway interest". Antoine-Aimé Dorion suggested the real object of Confederation was "another haul at the public purse for the Grand Trunk," a suggestion rather reinforced by that railway's president, Sir Edward Watkin, who later claimed he personally invented the whole idea of Confederation.

The fear of "central" Canada in general was compounded by the fear of French Canada's aims in Confederation. "Is everything to give place to Lower Canadian sectionalism?" cried a Halifax newspaper. Joseph Howe declared that by sticking together, the French-Canadian minority had long dominated the united Canadas. "They will do the same in a larger union, and ... will, in nine cases out of ten, be masters of the situation," he predicted gloomily.

Hostility to the power the French might gain from Confederation was, if anything, stronger in Quebec itself, among Anglo-Quebecers. "The English in Lower Canada in general take a very despondent view of the position of affairs, feeling themselves politically powerless," wrote the principal of McGill University in 1866, who worried that "the old English dominion will be destroyed" when Quebec acquired a provincial legislature in which Anglophones would be a minority. Yet Anglo-Quebecers did not have to be anti-French to fear the impact of Confederation on English-French relations. In a powerful speech, Christopher Dunkin from the Eastern Townships, who professed himself committed to amity between English and French Canadians, detailed all the ways that a written constitution, with its elaborate distribution of competing rights and powers, would actually serve to drive them apart. "If this scheme goes into operation, they will separate more and more widely and finally break out into open war."

7. IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR FRENCH CANADA

Anglophone opponents might raise fears of French power, but "Is it good for Quebec?" was the only significant question in French Quebec. George-Étienne Cartier and his allies argued (in Quebec, at least) that Confederation was a kind of sovereignty-association, giving Quebec its own legislature with control (in the words of Section 92) over "generally all matters of a merely local or private nature in the province." Yet they had no easy case to make, and they were hard-pressed to preserve anything like majority support. Their opponents evoked deep-rooted fears that this was another scheme for assimilation, for putting French Canada under the yoke of a powerful parliament dominated by Anglophones and Protestants.

French Quebec was being "humiliated," "insulted," and "treated as an inferior people," said French-language newspapers. "It was only through heroic resistance" that French Canada had hitherto preserved its rights in the face of "the aggression and the exclusiveness of the English element," declared Joseph-Xavier Perrault in the legislature. "The scheme of Confederation has no other object than to deprive us of the most precious of those rights." The linguistic minority's perpetual insecu-

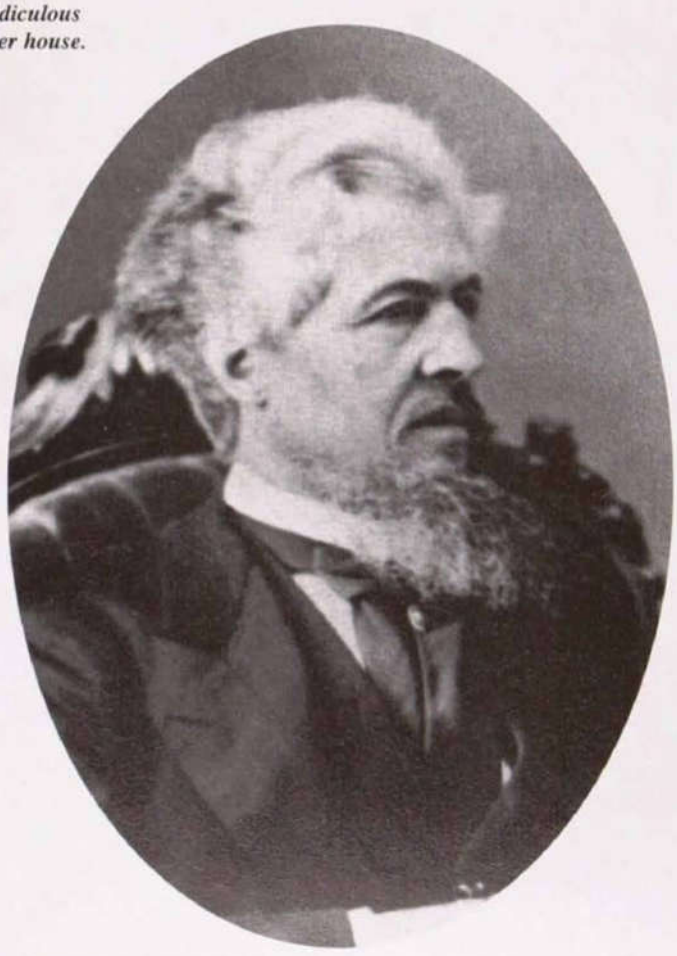
Joseph Howe: Will it be John Bull or Jack Frost?

rity about any alliance with the majority was strong in the 1860s; Francophone opponents of Confederation did not refrain from accusing its Francophone supporters of treason.

8. THE IDEA IS GOOD — BUT NOT THIS PARTICULAR DEAL

"Union is one thing and the Quebec scheme is quite another," said New Brunswick's *Woodstock Times*, expressing perhaps the single most common objection to Confederation. Few of Confederation's critics were wholeheartedly committed to leaving things just how they were. But nearly all could pick holes in the ambiguities of the 72 Resolutions passed by the Quebec Conference of October 1864. How could Confederation protect Canadians against the United States when it simply gave them a longer border to defend? Why promote a customs union between colonies which had no trade ties? What good were bold promises that union would bring intercolonial railways if all the railways did was bankrupt all the colonies together? What about this crazy idea of letting the government appoint members of an unelected upper house, which Christopher Dunkin called "just the worst body that could be contrived — ridiculously the worst." The best defence of it, he joked savagely, was that its appointees would be old men, upon whom death would provide a strange kind of constitutional check when nothing else did.

Confederation's critics did not agree on alternatives when they attacked the specifics of the plan on offer in the 1860s. But they could be relentless in picking apart what was offered. Often Confederation's defenders squirmed and half-agreed and said only that the deal offered was the best possible, under the circumstances.



Christopher Dunkin: A ridiculous upper house.

9. IT'S GOING TO COST TOO MUCH

A Halifax newspaper denounced pro-Confederation politicians "anxious to strut in embroidered court suits, plush breeches, silk stockings and bag wigs before a viceroy in Ottawa and enjoy fat salaries far away from the provinces." In Goderich, Ontario, the local paper predicted that with the new opportunities for patronage, "every twentieth man in Upper Canada will be an office holder." Ontario's Matthew Crooks Cameron considered Confederation "an extravagantly expensive arrangement." Cameron, deeply conservative in his views, was in a minority in a province dominated by George Brown's reformers. But the reformers were good nineteenth-century liberals, who believed in small and unpretentious government, low taxes, and maximum personal liberty. The cost of Confederation — the commitments for dual levels of government, for provincial subsidies, for costly railways schemes, and possibly for defence as well — was the spot where they were most vulnerable, and Confederation's doubters like Cameron probed this chink in their armour relentlessly.

10. IT SHOULD GO TO THE PEOPLE

Today the Fathers of Confederation are routinely dismissed as undemocratic, not least for putting Confederation through without consulting the electorate (which in any case included only men, and not even all men). Of course, Meech Lake was not put to the voters either, and well before any particular proposals had been made in 1864, Nova Scotia's Charles Tupper argued vigorously for the

principle that, whatever constitutional plans might arise, parliamentary democracy meant that the people's elected representatives, not the people at large, must be entrusted with the final decision. Nevertheless, the view that the voters should ratify or reject Confederation directly was often expressed in the 1860s, though those who already opposed the plan on other grounds said so more loudly than those who supported it.

"If the people's direct decision on the Confederation question is unnecessary, ... the polling booths thereafter may as well be turned into pigpens and the voters' lists cut up into pipe lighters," fumed the *Times* of Hamilton, Ontario. And the fictional protagonist of *Barney Rooney's Letters*, an anti-confederate tract from Halifax, observed satirically that "the people are so notoriously in favour of this scheme that it would be a reckless and infamous policy to put them to the trouble of expressing themselves." Ontario's George Brown used almost the same words, but he was completely serious — indeed, he rarely joked about politics. His Toronto *Globe* called the whole notion of putting the constitutional proposal to the voters "one of those dreadful American heresies."

Consulting the people was neither joke nor heresy to Timothy Anglin of Saint John. "This is clearly a conspiracy to defraud and cheat the people out of the right to determine for themselves whether this union shall now take place," he cried. In the end, New Brunswick held two Confederation elections, while recognition of the public's opposition caused both Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland to back out of the 1864 plan. Quebec's opposition *Rouges* also wanted to fight an election on Confederation, but they were a minority in parliament and after the first post-Confederation election they remained so.

These 10 Objections to Confederation make it clear that the Confederation of the 1860s did not roll through undebated, unconsidered, or unopposed. Indeed, readers may have decided that many of these objections have an all-too-familiar ring today. Lest it be thought, however, that constitutional issues never die, we might add, as Objection #11, an ominous and effective warning from Newfoundland in 1866, about a danger rarely evoked in the 1990s:

11. "YOUR SONS WILL ALL BE CONSCRIPTED INTO CANADA'S ARMIES AND WILL LEAVE THEIR BONES IN THE DESERTS OF THE WEST!"

Joseph Perrault: Confederation a plot to deprive French Canada of its rights.

Note on sources:

Students of Confederation literature will notice that virtually all the quotations here have been collected from the standard works on the subject.

Further reading:

The Confederation Debates in the Province of Canada, 1865
Edited by P.B. Waite
(McClelland and Stewart, The Carleton Library #2, 1963).

The Road to Confederation
By Donald Creighton
(Macmillan of Canada, 1964).

Christopher Moore's next book, a 1990s look at the Confederation of the 1860s, will be published by McClelland and Stewart.

Canadian English, Eh?

On Canadian English: Reflections and Exasperations

By J.A. Davidson

Is "eh" a distinctively Canadian word? This monosyllable can reflect mild surprise, or doubt, or failure to have heard what has just been said. Or it can suggest that a statement you have just made should be readily accepted. Some Canadians, those of good education who take pride in their sensitivity for spoken language, tend to be censorious of other Canadians, those of poorer education and of inferior ways of speaking, who, according to the sensitive ones, frequently and unnecessarily use this annoying little interrogative.

I do not know when, or why, people began saying that "eh?" is a distinctively Canadian speech affliction. It is not listed in *A Dictionary of Canadianisms on Historical Principles*, published in 1967: this suggests that it has not had long innings in Canadian English.

In 1959 Professor Harold B. Allen, of the University of Minnesota, wrote of "eh?" (or "eh!") that it "is so exclusively a Canadian peculiarity that [American] immigration officials use it as an identifying clue."

Now I come to what is — or was in 1972, the year of its publication — the scholarly report on the Canadian eh?, written by Walter S. Avis (1919-1979), a professor at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Avis, whom I knew quite well, in 1977 sent me several of his articles and essays, among which was his article, "So 'Eh?' is Canadian, Eh?". Here is a comment from it:

> "Eh?" is entered in every general dictionary of English, both British and American, on my shelves — a very considerable collection indeed, and one which includes the *Oxford English Dictionary* and *Webster's New International Dictionary* (Third Edition) ... none of them label it 'Canada' or 'Canadian' ... the implication seems clear that lexicographers class it as universal English.

Avis, in quest of the wondrous "eh?", had probed the work of many authors, randomly selected (41 British, 26 American, and 28 Canadian), and he examined many newspapers, magazines, and speeches. He concluded that "eh?" is not a Canadianism, that "it did not originate in Canada and is not peculiar to the English spoken in Canada." He acknowledged, though, that some Canadians tend to use the word excessively.

I have looked into several of the more recently issued dictionaries — *Gage Canadian* (dedicated to the memory of Walter Avis) and *The Penguin Canadian*, *The Concise Oxford*, *Webster's New World*, and four others. All have "eh?" as an entry: none report it as being distinctively Canadian. Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Historical Slang* (the abridged edition) has "eh?" — "What's that (you say)?" — with no mention of Canada.

The Oxford English Dictionary — the wonderful monster now gives about half-a-column to "eh", with instances going back to 1567. It defines it as "1. An ejaculation of sorrow. 2. An interjectional interrogative particle, often inviting assent to the sentiment expressed." It reports that Oliver Goldsmith's play, *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773) has this line: "Wasn't it lucky, eh?" And it gives several other instances of its use — none of them Canadian.

The Globe and Mail Style Book — the edition of it issued in 1990 and revised in 1993 — is the best thing of its kind we have had. But I was surprised when, slowly slogging my way through it, I came to this entry for "dictionary": "Ours is *Funk & Wagnalls Canadian College Dictionary*, but we make some style exceptions. See spelling." "Spelling", I saw, takes four double-columned pages, including a column of words such as "behaviour" and "labour" which must be given the British "-our", not the American "-or". It also insists on "centre" and "litre". And it has four columns, roughly 200 words, which are "individual exceptions". I wonder why they did not choose *Gage Canadian Dictionary*, with which they would not need to fuss over all those "exceptions".

Funk Canadian has on its front cover this warm commendation from W. E. Messenger, a professor of English at the University of British Columbia: "It is a delight to use a general dictionary of the English language that so capably acknowledges the existence of Canadian words and Canadian usage. To my mind, it's the best of the lot for our purposes in Canada."

I think it a splendid American dictionary, but I wonder why Professor Messenger judged it to be such a good dictionary for us Canadians. In less than an hour of delving in it I learned that he missed quite a few things. I wish I had left it alone, but his effusiveness provoked me into doing more nit-picking than I felt comfortable doing, and that led me to think that *Funk Canadian* has notable shortcomings in "Canadian words and Canadian usage".

For instance, it does not list "defence", except in small print as the British spelling. It illustrates with the American "Department of Defense", but does not give our "Department of National Defence". (*The Globe Style Book*, of course, deals appropriately with that.)

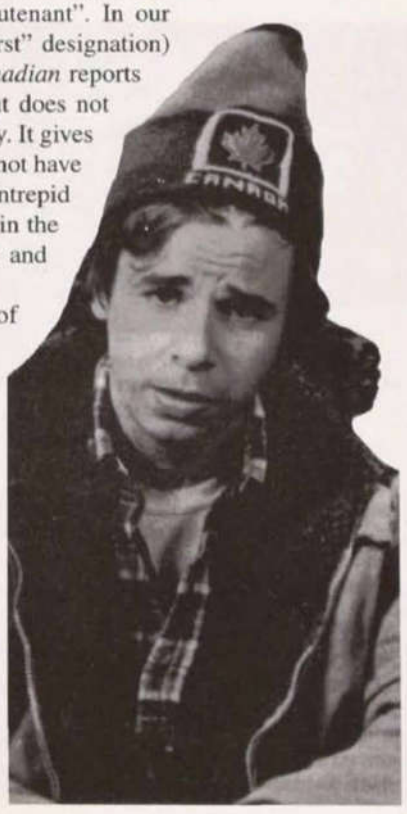
Funk Canadian has only "center" and "theater", although the "-re" forms are acknowledged as "Brit." (I have noticed that *The New Yorker* uses "theatre".) "Cheque" also is "Brit.", with nothing to indicate that it, not "check", is standard in Canada."American Legion" is listed, but not "Royal Canadian Legion". If it is going to list Legions surely, as a dictionary claiming to be Canadian, it should have the Canadian one.

The only *Funk Canadian* definition for "lieutenant" is "A commissioned officer holding either of two ranks, first or second lieutenant". In our army we have lieutenants (no "first" designation) and second lieutenants. *Funk Canadian* reports that the Brits say "lef-tenant", but does not indicate that we also say it that way. It gives the American "foxhole", but does not have "slit trench", which is what we intrepid young Canadians called that hole in the ground in the Normandy battles and other distressing ventures.

In a table, "Major Wars of History", among the notable battles in the Second World War the only Normandy one listed is the American, Saint-Lo. Surely a Canadian dictionary presenting such a table would, for Normandy, give Caen and Falaise.

I am pleased, though, to report that *Funk Canadian* gives this definition for "eh": "What: used as an interrogative or to express uncertainty or surprise." No mention of Canadian speech in that.

The notorious "McKenzie Brothers" (Dave Thomas, above, and Rick Moranis) made "Eh" a household word.



"Johnny Canuck", in early form, from "Grinchuckle", September 1869.

"Shone", according to *Funk Canadian*, is pronounced "shown", although it also allows "shawn". *Gage* gives only "shawn". For "lever" *Funk* favours "leh-ver", but allows "leever", which is the *Gage* preference and the way most of us say it. *Gage* has "roof" rhyming only with "spoof"; *Funk* gives that first, but also approves of saying it as "ruff".

At the top of its front cover *Funk Canadian* has this come-on: "A New Canadian and General Purpose Dictionary / Edited by Walter S. Avis, The Royal Military College of Canada / Past President, Canadian Linguistic Association". Then, curiously, on page *vi*, it gives as "Editor of this Canadian edition / Walter S. Avis, Dean, Canadian Forces Military College" — an improper designation for our Royal Military College. And it does not give "Royal Military College of Canada", but has both "USMA" (United States Military Academy) and "West Point".

Funk Canadian describes Avis as "Consultant on Canadianisms", and the introductory note on Canadian English was written by him, I assume, for its first edition as an allegedly Canadian dictionary in 1978. I wonder, though, about the propriety of stating bluntly on its cover that the 1989 version — "Latest Edition" — was edited by Walter Avis, who had died in 1979. This version of *Funk* is an excellent American dictionary, but it falls short as a general dictionary for Canadians.

Walter Avis was one of the editors of *The Senior Dictionary of Canadian English*, first issued in 1967: it was based on an American dictionary, the *Thorndike Barnhart High School Dictionary*, and was essentially a school dictionary. This was the forerunner to the *Gage Canadian* issued in 1983, and which is dedicated "To the memory of / Walter S. Avis / 1919-1979 / scholar and teacher / of Canadian English". (I came to know Wally Avis in 1960-61 when I was chaplain at the Royal Military College. After his death in 1979 I gave the address at the memorial service for him in the chapel of the college.)

We do need a comprehensive Canadian dictionary. Our Australian cousins already have their homemade dictionary, the *Macquarie*, published in 1981, which, at a cost of more than a million dollars, was produced at an Australian university. Perhaps we will be pleased with the dictionary now being developed in Canada by Canadians for Canadians by the Oxford University Press, which is now up to the letter "P".

In the meantime, we have the *Gage* which is designated the "preferred" dictionary in the federal government's stylebook, *The Canadian Style*.

In 1941 Johnny Canuck, a Superman semblance of sorts, made his appearance as a war hero in a popular Canadian comic-book, *Dime Comics*. Johnny had been around for many years in humbler roles — he was called "Jack Canuck" in a cartoon in the *Toronto Globe* in 1897 — but his wartime exploits gave him new life.

Perhaps this had something to do with a song I became acquainted with, unappreciatively, early in 1942 when I, a young soldier, was on a troopship sailing from Halifax to Britain. One evening a bouncy auxiliary services officer from the YMCA tried to teach a few of us red-blooded young warriors a song he thought might inspire us while we were overseas striking blows for freedom. I remember only the first two lines: "We're the Canucks Canucks Canucks Canucks Canadians, / From the land of the maple leaf". Our song-leader seemed distressed by our lack of enthusiasm for this rousing song. At that time I thought "Canuck" a rather cutesy word. I still think it cutesy, despite what Vancouver calls its hockey team.

The word "Canuck" may have originally been a corruption of "Connaught", a name said to have been given by French-Canadians to the Irish who

settled in Quebec. And early in our history it came to be applied to the French-Canadians themselves: in 1840 a Boston newspaper referred to "the French-Canadian or Conuck".

There is a story that on a visit to Montreal in 1864 the American actor, John Wilkes Booth, said, "I like your Canadian styles; I must post myself in Canuck airs, for some of us devils may have to settle here shortly." (Booth did not settle here. Shortly after his visit he killed President Abraham Lincoln.)

A Dictionary of Canadianisms records that "Canuck" was used in a Toronto newspaper in 1877 and that "Canuckiana" was used, apparently in a whimsical, or slightly derogatory way, in a magazine in 1888.

Webster's New World Dictionary suggests that the word was earlier "Kanuck", coming apparently from the Hawaiian word for "man", *kanaka*. Unlikely, I think. It gives this definition for the noun: "Canadian; sometimes specif., a French Canadian". And for the adjective it offers this comment: "Sometimes a disparaging term". (Incidentally, the editor-in-chief of the most recent edition of this outstanding American dictionary is a Canadian, Dr. Victoria Neufeldt, whose degrees are from the universities of Saskatchewan and Toronto. Earlier she had been editor of the *Gage Canadian.*)

The *Gage* is content to say of Canuck, "origin uncertain". *The Concise Oxford* says that the word designates a Canadian, generally a French-Canadian, and that it has derogatory connotations. I think it wrong there. We Canadians — at least, we English-speaking ones — do not find it derogatory, but many of us do not use it of ourselves because we find in rather off-puttingly cute. Perhaps we could use the word "Canuckery" to designate any manifestation of pretentious, sentimental Canadian nationalism.

The *Reader's Digest* book, *Success with Words*, offers this recommendation with respect to "Canuck": "Canadians need little advice on the various ways to use this term. Non-Canadians should avoid it altogether in the presence of Canadians, unless they are very sure of their company." ◆

J. A. Davidson, a retired United Church minister, has lived in Victoria since 1984. He has heard very few people there say "eh?".

WHAT RECONCILES HIM.
UNCLE SAM TO JACK CANUCK - "I HATE TO SEE ANY OF THE FOLKS LEAVING HOME BUT WHEN THEY DO GO I LIKE TO SEE 'EM GO TO CANADA WHERE THEY'LL FEEL AT HOME AND GET SQUARE TREATMENT."
HOMES FOR MILLIONS IN THE GREAT CANADIAN WEST

Jack Canuck meets Uncle Sam, man-to-man, 1903.

By 1941 Johnny Canuck had joined the Canadian forces and was fighting Hitler in a comic book.

La Folleville's Place

Low life in the cabarets of old Montreal

By Jack Verney

Of all the effects that the fur traders and the soldiery had on life in seventeenth-century Canada, few are more revealing of the mores and values of the day than those which might be referred to as being part of the "hospitality trade". What also marks them out is the extent to which they involved women. To see evidence of that one need only look at the number of *cabaretières*, *tavernières*, part-time prostitutes, landladies of boarding houses, laundresses, and seamstresses there were in the colony at the time. None of these women could be called heroines of the faith like Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and all the other religious; nor did any of them measure up to the example set by lay doers of good works like Marie-Barbe de Boullongne (D'Ailleboust), and Anne Gasnier (Bourdon) whose lives were models of Christian living. Alas, the contrary was closer to the mark in most cases, including that of the notorious *cabaretière*, Anne Lamarque, known in her day to Montrealers as la Folleville.

Regardless of the gender of their hosts, most cabarets had evil reputations. Writing in 1669, the Intendant, Claude de Boutroue d'Aubigny, described them as places where dissipations and debaucheries "contribute only to the corruption of morals and to the destruction of families and the colony." More than 300 years later, Louise Dechêne put it a little more bluntly in her *Habitants and Merchants in Seventeenth-Century Montreal* where she described them simply as "bawdy houses" and "dens of iniquity". Theoretically they were superior to taverns in that they offered a few amenities for the comfort and diversion of their patrons, beyond those needed for the sale of food and drink, but in practice those extras seldom amounted to much more than a few decks of playing cards, and one or two rooms, either at the rear of the premises, or upstairs wherein patrons could escape from the general confusion to enjoy a game of piquet, or faro, or any other activity which required a measure of seclusion. Cabarets were always suspected by the authorities as being, if not actual brothels, places frequented by prostitutes for the purpose of soliciting. The handful of them which laid claim to respectability might have had a few additional amenities, one is even known to have had a billiard table for the diversion of its customers, but they were exceptions rather than the norm in Montreal.

While not all of these places were run by

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women, many were, even though the nature of the work in them was no job for a lady of refinement. As well as the ability to cook an edible meal, it called for a strong arm, the disposition of a demon, the lungs of a street vendor, the vocabulary of the gutter, and fear of neither man nor woman. The lure of such a life was that it was perceived as providing a good income for a minimal amount of work, but, in reality, this was an illusion. The trouble was there were so many cabarets and taverns in Montreal that whatever revenue they could generate collectively ended up being spread very thinly.

Such enterprises were permitted to a very limited extent as early as 1648, but they only began to proliferate after 1665 when the arrival of the Carignan-Salières regiment created an instant demand for the kinds of services which they provided. That was especially true in Montreal where, before long, liquor was to be had in almost half the houses in the settlement, some of it supplied by officers from the regiment whose pay was partly in the form of brandy and wine, and who sold it by the barrel to cabaret and tavern keepers. The business had become so chaotic by 1672, that the Sulpician seigneurs of the island attempted to regulate it by allowing just 12 residents in the community to sell alcoholic beverages; a privilege which was conditional upon their serving meals and providing bed and board for travellers. In other words, by their becoming hoteliers.

Rather than going out and hiring one, proprietors of these establishments, which were often adjuncts to the premises they used for their main business activities, usually connected with the fur trade, preferred to put their wives in charge of operations as cook/managers. The result was that some of the cabarets, particularly the more popular ones, soon began to be referred to by the names of their owners' wives, the women who actually ran them. That was the case with what came to be known as la Saint-Michel's place in Lachine, and la Chaunière's in Montreal, just as it was with the most notorious of all of them, la Folleville's place, also in Montreal, which, so far as can be determined, was located on Rue Saint François-Xavier, near the south-west corner of its intersection with Rue Notre Dame. That was where Anne Lamarque, the wife of Charles Testard de Folleville, ruled the roost.

Unfortunately the story of her life that can be pieced together from surviving records is far from complete. She was born near Bordeaux in 1648, the daughter of Louis Lamarque and Marie Papineau, and using the criterion of whether or not her passage to Canada had been paid for by the crown as the determining factor, she was probably not technically a *fille du roi*, although opinions do differ over that point. She arrived in Canada in 1665 at the age of 17. Early in the following year, she married Charles Testard de Folleville, a scion of one of Montreal's better known trading families. The marriage seems to have been childless, which probably accounts for how she came to be a *cabaretière* at a relatively early age.

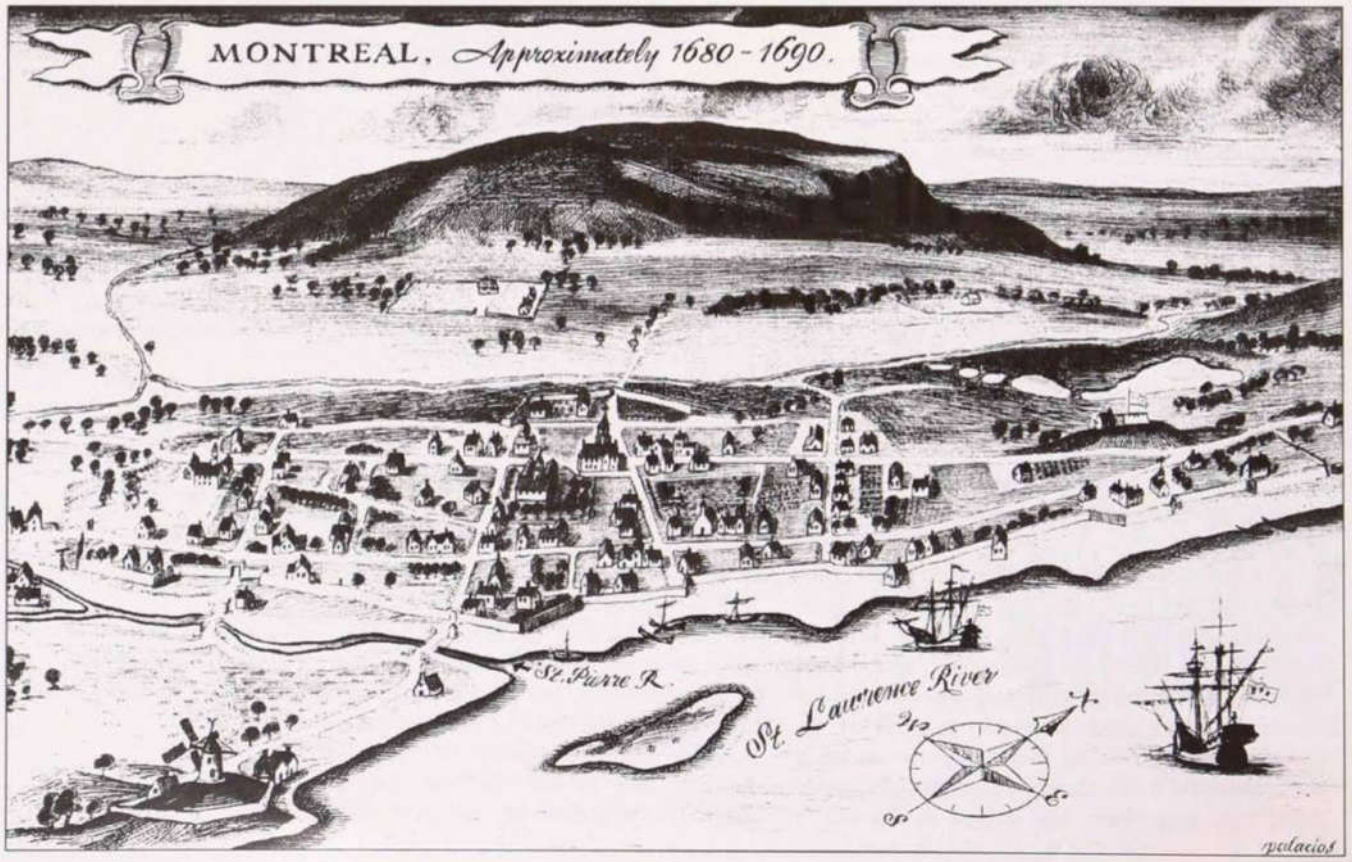
Members of the Carignan-Salières regiment were habitués of the cabarets of New France. (C.W. Jefferys collection, National Archives of Canada.)

It is not at all clear when she first took charge of the business, but it could have been as early as 1672, soon after the Sulpician's regulations came out, at which time she was only 24 years old; or it could have been as late as 1678, when she was 30, when the evil reputation of the place first came to the attention of the judicial authorities. La Folleville's place very quickly became the

favoured haunt for young men from some of the most distinguished and influential families in Montreal. That became evident in March 1678 when, following numerous complaints from the public that it was a disorderly house wherein prostitution, gambling, drunkenness, and brawling were rampant, the town's chief judicial officers set out to inspect the place with a view to finding out at first hand what actually went on there.

As the officers approached the building, the first thing that attracted their attention was the sight of two women fighting in the street outside of it. They were punching and clawing at one another with great ferocity, each shrieking of her intention to slaughter her adversary. The officers managed to separate the two and sent them on their separate ways; then they entered la Folleville's place. They were greeted by the din and disorder of a general state of pandemonium, but, much to their surprise, it was not all caused by a carousing mob of *coureurs de bois* and off-duty soldiers, but partly by a number of young hell-raisers drawn from some of Montreal's most prominent families. The visitors withdrew, not wishing, as they later reported, to expose the majesty of the law to the derision of la Folleville's patrons. As a parting shot, however, one of the officers did have the temerity to remind her that it was past nine o'clock, and that the church bell had already rung to signal the start of curfew, the hour at which she was required to close. To the jeers and guffaws of her customers, she screeched back that she had not heard any bell, and went right on serving them. There was good reason for her insolence, as it turned out, and it became apparent a day or so later, when the judge of the bailiff's court convened an official enquiry to consider what action to take. Before it reached any decision, however, Lamarque's powerful patrons had interceded on her behalf so effectively that the whole matter was dropped, and nothing more ever came of it.

That sort of thing did not sit well with people who professed to be civic-minded, people like Abraham Bouat, one of the churchwardens. Although the maintenance of law and order was not his personal responsibility, he did have a vested interest in it since he too owned a cabaret — the one with the billiard table and, reputedly, the most respectable drinking establishment in Montreal. It was located on the south side of Rue Notre Dame,



just around the corner from la Folleville's place, and he was convinced that his business was suffering as a result of its proximity to such an undesirable neighbour. Consequently, he made no secret of his burning desire to see la Folleville's place closed down, and its chatelaine, loathsome creature that she was, locked up. All he could do for the time being, though, was to contain his impatience until another opportunity to put her out of business came along.

He thought it had arrived two years later, in 1680, when the judge of the bailiff's court once more responded to complaints and despatched two officers to la Folleville's to find out what was going on there. The usual roistering crowd was on hand, and the arrival of the two constables proved to be all it needed to incite it to violence. Several of the patrons had their swords out in a trice, and chased the pair back out onto the street, piercing one of them in the arm in the course of doing so. The fleeing constables found refuge around the corner, in Abraham Bouat's cabaret. There they waited until they thought the coast was clear before venturing back outside to make their way home. When they left, Bouat sent two of his potmen with them for added protection should they run into any further trouble; a prudent move as it turned out, for the coast was not clear. Nearby, lurking in the shadows, was one of their former assailants from la Folleville's who, as soon as the fugitives and their escorts came within range, began to pelt them with rocks, injuring one of the potmen in the course of doing so. The onslaught only ended when the attacker ran out of rocks but, by then, it looked very much as if Bouat's dream of seeing Anne Lamarque in jail was about to come true. Alas, once again his high hopes were dashed. Her powerful friends, some of whom had actually been involved in the melée, again interceded successfully on her behalf with the result that she was not even prosecuted.

For two more years Anne Lamarque continued her disreputable career, unhindered by the law, but, during that period, the relationship between her and her husband deteriorated rapidly for reasons unknown. Perhaps she had been getting a little too friendly with some of her prominent customers, or it may have been simply that he had grown tired of her foul mouth and her shrewish ways. Whatever it was, the result was that Charles Testard de Folleville denounced her to the judicial authorities as a witch and a sorceress.

Being accused of such offences was a serious matter in those days, and although Canadian courts tended to be more lenient than their European counterparts, banishment for life remained a likely penalty for those found guilty of them. The fact of the matter was, therefore, that if the case against Anne Lamarque could be proved to the satisfaction of the court, then her husband stood a good chance of being rid of her.

The crux of the case against her was that she owned a book of spells which only saw the light of day when she had some devilment in mind. The court heard testimony from her husband to the effect that she was a demon and an enchantress, a woman in league with the devil who used the book to do his evil work. It was hardly the sort of evidence one would expect to hear from a loving spouse. Then, to substantiate his accusation, and to blacken his wife's character still more, he produced another hostile witness who stood up and swore that, to his knowledge, she used the book of spells to ensure that pregnant women who solicited her help bore sons. That was all the court needed to hear. La Folleville was certainly a witch, and she was sentenced to be banished from Montreal. There the matter would have ended had it not been for her powerful friends once again. They rallied to her aid and brought so much pressure to bear on the judicial authorities that they quashed the sentence.

Such are the details of the case which are on record, and beyond them lies only speculation as to precisely what followed. Was it the end for la Folleville's place? Perhaps it was, and perhaps it was not but, in either case, four years later, in March 1686, its notorious chatelaine died. The cause of her death is not known, but she was only 38 years of age at the time, far from being an old woman even by seventeenth-century standards.

There are many possibilities regarding the cause of her death, but no certainties. Whatever killed her, though, ended a career which had been a living example of the maxim that success in business depends not so much on what you know, but on who you know.

And what did la Folleville leave to posterity, apart from the memory of her notoriety? Not much actually. A few items of apparel, one or two sticks of furniture and four decks of playing cards. That was all. ◆

Jack Verney is a retired high school principal who lives in Ottawa. He is the author of "The Good Regiment: The Carignan-Salières Regiment in Canada, 1665-1668" published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 1991.

The illustration on this page is from a painting by Henri Beau in the National Archives of Canada.

The Great Response

Canada's long struggle to honour the dead of the Great War

By Jonathan F. Vance

Early on the morning of 21 May 1939, crowds gathered around the newly-completed National War Memorial in central Ottawa. By 11:00 A.M. the surrounding streets were packed with spectators trying to catch a glimpse of King George VI performing the dedication ceremony. The First World War had ended over two decades earlier, and Canadians had waited a long time for their government to raise a monument to the nation's war effort.

Of course, they had grown accustomed to waiting for official commemorations of Canada's contribution in the Great War. It was not until the spring of 1934 that the official war documentary, entitled *Lest We Forget*, was released to cinemas across the country. Another two years passed before Canada's primary overseas memorial, Walter Allward's monument on Vimy Ridge, was unveiled. And Canadians had to wait nearly 20 years after the Armistice, until the summer of 1938, before getting a chance to read the first volume of Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid's official history of the Canadian Forces in the war. Because it was a government project, there was no logical reason why the National War Memorial should have appeared any more promptly than these other commemorations.

Immediately after the war, however, there was little indication that Canada would lag so far behind. Indeed, the plan seemed perfectly straightforward at first. A committee of architects and town planners convened in 1920 and recommended that the government erect a memorial building, to be designed by a Canadian architect. Eventually, this building would house the nation's official war records, enemy equipment and weapons captured during the last offensive of 1918, and Canada's superb collection of war art. When the design competition was announced, however, the terms had changed. Any form of memorial would be considered, from towers to obelisks to sculptural groupings, so long as it expressed "the feelings of the Canadian people as a whole to the memory of those who participated in the Great War and lost their lives in the service of humanity". Architects and sculptors from any of the victorious Allied nations were eligible to enter the competition, and they were instructed to tailor their designs to suit

Connaught Square, a site in downtown Ottawa near the Chateau Laurier Hotel and the railway station.

By the time the first stage of the competition closed, 127 submissions had been received — the majority from Canada, but many from Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, and even Trinidad. The assessors chose seven designs to proceed to the second stage, the construction of scale models, and in January 1926 they announced their decision. The winner was English sculptor Vernon March, who was hard at work on the war memorial in Victoria, British Columbia, when he learned of the competition results. He was delighted by the news, but not all of the losers took the decision well. Sculptor Frances Loring, clearly a little disgruntled that her figure of Victory holding the Sword of Sacrifice was not chosen (she later recycled it for the memorial in Galt, Ontario), dismissed the winning entry as "cheap melodrama".

There was no denying that March's design was dramatic. Its theme was "Canada's Great Response", and it consisted of 17 figures arrayed beneath a massive granite arch on a pedestal. A group of uniformed figures, including infantrymen, a cavalryman, gunners, aviators, a sailor, and nurses, surged through the arch in front of an artillery piece. Their demeanour was not warlike, but rather expressed a singleness of purpose; as *Maclean's* magazine observed, "they are pressing forward in simple earnestness, not marching to the fanfare of trumpets or the skirl of the pipes." Surmounting the arch stood allegorical figures

Above: The National War Memorial, Ottawa, on a recent Remembrance Day.

At left: The original memorial was later altered to include other wars of this century.

representing Peace, holding a laurel wreath, and Freedom, brandishing a torch. The sculptor imagined them to be "alighting on the world with the blessings of Victory, Peace and Liberty in the footsteps of the people's heroism and self-sacrifice". The monument would carry the simplest possible inscription: "1914-1918".

As March celebrated his success in the design competition, government officials in Ottawa began to tackle the problem of the memorial's location. Even while the assessors were sifting through the entries, voices of complaint had been raised about the Connaught Square site. A few people were so bold as to wonder why the memorial was being erected at all. Surely the Memorial Chamber in the Peace Tower, dedicated in 1927 as the resting place of the nation's *Book of Remembrance*, had served the purpose of commemorating Canada's war effort? Others questioned why the National War Memorial was to be situated so far away from Parliament Hill. The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Club demanded that it be placed in front of the Parliament buildings "on National Property", and in fact the renowned sculptor Robert Tait McKenzie, a native of the Ottawa Valley, had already submitted a design for this very site. Entitled "Over the Top", it showed a group of infantrymen clambering out of a trench. He envisioned it sitting near the upper terrace in front of the Peace Tower, with the soldiers charging towards Wellington Street. It was not deemed suitable and, undaunted, McKenzie too recycled his design, using it for a war memorial in Radnor, Pennsylvania. Another citizen thought the national memorial would be stifled in central Ottawa, and proposed a site on the outskirts of the city that would be renamed Flanders Fields. "It would be the payment of the last tribute due to the men and women who through suffering, mutilation and death, proved that 'the brave days of old' still exist," he wrote.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King, however, had his heart set on the Connaught Square site. Meeting with city officials in March 1926, he laid out his dreams for the nation's capital. King was prepared "to go to the limit" in beautifying Ottawa, and hoped that city council was of a like mind. He mused that Napoleon had razed a whole section of Paris to create a huge open space in the centre of the French capital. If he were Napoleon, King said, he would expropriate everything around Connaught Square and turn it into a majestic plaza.

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Confederation Square under construction, 1938.

Only this would provide a worthy setting for Canada's war memorial.

But certain obstacles stood in the way. The old post office building and the Russell House hotel occupied part of the land intended for the new Confederation Square (as it was to be renamed), and the expropriation of these properties was complicated and expensive. The removal of the post office block alone would deprive the government of nearly $40,000 in annual rents, quite apart from the cost of removing the old building and erecting a new post office on another site. There was also considerable sentimental attachment to the Russell House, the home away from home to generations of Members of Parliament and Senators; fortunately, this objection was removed when the building burned in 1928 and the federal government promptly expropriated the land.

As the years passed, a host of other objections cropped up. A number of senior politicians questioned whether the square would bear the weight of such a heavy monument. The French town planner Jacques Gréber, whose ideas would have such an impact on the shape of modern Ottawa, insisted that siting the memorial in the city centre would create traffic problems. And a good number of MPs balked at King's decision to spend $3 million to develop the centre of the capital, especially when other parts of the city still lacked proper sanitary amenities. All of these obstacles took time to overcome and not until 1937 was the enlarged Confederation Square ready to receive the memorial.

While federal and municipal officials wrestled with town plans, Vernon March was having problems of his own. Visiting Ottawa in the spring of 1926, March and his architect brother Sydney were immediately struck by the potential of the proposed site. They suggested that the memorial's size be increased, to harmonize with the Chateau Laurier and the railway station. The pedestal should be broader, the arch larger, and the figures sculpted to "heroic size". Canadian officials agreed, but there was a delay while the contract was rewritten and the costs recalculated.

Once March began work, a constant stream of visitors descended on his Farnborough studio to monitor progress on the figures. Doubtless they had the best of intentions, but these visitors had little appreciation for the concept of artistic license. Instead, they wanted exact historical accuracy. At first, they complained that the figures did not represent all Canadian units which had served in the war. This was simply not possible, countered March. Some 2,600 separate units had comprised the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and it was unreasonable to suppose that each one could be commemorated individually. The monument was not meant to be viewed literally, March said; the grouping attempted to symbolize Canada's response through representative figures, not to honour each unit which served. Nevertheless, the sculptor bowed to pressure and in the spring of 1929 agreed to add two extra figures. This placated some observers, but necessitated another renegotiation of the contract; by now, it had ballooned to nearly $200,000, double the original estimate.

Even then, people who had seen March's clay models raised concerns. How could a single artilleryman on horseback pull a field gun, wondered one old soldier. Perhaps the artillery piece was meant to be abandoned, but then it certainly could not be a Canadian gun. Was it intended to be a German gun? If so, then surely it should have a broken wheel, to symbolize the vanquished enemy. No, replied March patiently, the gun was indeed a British eighteen-pounder. However, there was not sufficient space to include, in the interests of historical accuracy, a full team of horses, drivers, and outriders to accompany the field gun. The single artilleryman was meant to stand for all members of his service; it was not a portrait of a real gun team going into action. The complaints were mostly in this vein. Those boots were wrong. This cap was not quite right. That badge was in the wrong place. It seemed impossible to satisfy all observers.

Then, in June 1930, Vernon March died suddenly and work on the Great Response came to a

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, Ottawa, 1939. Mackenzie King, behind, in Windsor uniform.

standstill. He had completed most of the clay models (with the help of his seven siblings) but, until March's estate was cleared up and his will probated, no further payments could be made by the Canadian government. So, none of the bronzes could be cast. The legal process brought further delays, and it was early 1932 before Sidney March was able to finish casting the figures. Since the federal government had not yet finalized its plans for Confederation Square, March obtained permission from Ottawa to display the figures on a temporary structure in London's Hyde Park. The exhibit drew enthusiastic crowds but only brought further work for the long-suffering March family. As the memorial was being dismantled, one of the figures came loose and dropped 30 feet to the pavement. It was promptly trundled back to Farnborough so the cracks could be repaired.

The Hyde Park exhibition, however, revealed an even more serious problem. A number of people pointed out that the arch was too narrow: the eighteen-pounder would not fit through it. Canada's Great Response would suffer the embarrassing fate of being stuck halfway through the arch. Sidney March went back to the drawing board to correct this awkward gaffe. He widened the arch, but then had to add three more figures on either side of the horses to fill the gaps that were created and maintain the continuity of the design. And since he was making alterations, the current prime minister, R.B. Bennett, wondered, would March mind altering slightly the design of the base and steps leading to the memorial? The architect, perhaps reluctantly, agreed.

Finally, in 1938 both the memorial and the site were ready. The contract for the granite pedestal and arch was awarded to a Montreal firm, and Mackenzie King, back as prime minister since 1935, was keen to hold some sort of ceremony on Dominion Day 1938. The Department of Public Works, however, could think of nothing meaningful that King might do. The preparations were not far enough advanced to lay a cornerstone, but too far advanced to turn the first sod. In fact, there was no sod left at all on the site. Helpful bureaucrats suggested that the prime minister could either remove a symbolic shovelful of dirt, or turn a single piece of sod that had been specially replaced for the occasion. Neither alternative appealed to the prime minister's sense of the dramatic, so he spent Dominion Day unveiling a memorial at the site of the Battle of the Windmill in Prescott, Ontario.

By September 1938, the pedestal and arch, made from Quebec granite, had been completed, and March's figures could be mounted. The first to go up, on 30 September 1938, were the allegorical figures of Peace and Freedom. Ironically, it was the very day on which the Munich Agreement was signed. For Mackenzie King, this was significant indeed. While Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler were signing away parts of Czechoslovakia to secure "peace in our time", March's Peace and Freedom were being raised to their positions atop the arch. "It would almost seem that the hand of Time," wrote the prime minister, "had stayed the completion of the Memorial until its true significance might become apparent."

The government originally intended to dedicate the memorial on Remembrance Day 1938, the twentieth anniversary of the Armistice, but decided to postpone the ceremony to coincide with the 1939 royal visit and invite the king to perform the unveiling. Accordingly, work immediately began on grading the site and building the terraces and walks of the square. It was a complicated project, for seven different varieties of granite from Quebec and northern Ontario were used, but the finishing touches were completed comfortably. All was ready for George VI to dedicate Canada's National War Memorial.

For the roughly 100,000 people who clustered around Confederation Square, it had been well worth the wait. They proudly sang *O Valiant Hearts* and *O God Our Help in Ages Past*, and then watched (perhaps nervously) as Mr. King nearly bungled the ceremony; he mistook the *Last Post* for *Reveille*, and tried to guide the monarch to the lectern during the moment of silence. King George delicately pointed out the prime minister's error and, waiting until the appropriate moment, commenced his address. The memorial did not just symbolize the zeal with which Canada responded to the crisis in 1914, he said. It revealed "the very soul of the nation." March's sculptures demonstrated the willingness of Canadians to fight for the principles represented by the allegorical figures of Peace and Freedom. The two were indivisible, said the king. "Without freedom there can be no enduring peace, and without peace no enduring freedom."

The unveiling ceremony was a huge success, but its timing was ironic. German troops had recently marched into Prague to occupy what remained of Czechoslovakia. In September 1939 it would be Poland's turn. Less than four months after the king's remarks, Canada would be called upon for another Great Response. Once again, Canadians would embark upon a great war to secure peace and freedom. ◆

Jonathan F. Vance holds a Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council fellowship at Wilfrid Laurier University's Centre for Military, Strategic and Disarmament Studies.

The Toronto Huskies

Pro Basketball's False Start

By Shane Peacock

The children gathered in the corridors of Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto on 15 October 1946, where the stylish Syl Apps and the dashing young Teeder Kennedy played the nation's number one game, were there to see something or someone unusual; the Shrine Circus was in town. When an impossibly tall man came striding down the hallway, they thought they had hit the jackpot. Strangely, he was dressed in a suit and tie. "Hey mister," said one lad as he and his friends approached the man, "are you one of the giants in the circus?" Before he could answer, another wonder came walking their way, nearly as tall and much huskier. What a circus this was going to be. Imagine, *two* giants.

George Nostrand, 6'8" centre from the University of Wyoming, had merely been looking for the offices of Canada's first professional basketball team. His fellow "giant" was his future coach, "Big Ed" or "Man Mountain" Sadowski, 6'5" tall, nearly 250 pounds, and former intimidating star with the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons of the National Basketball League. This was their first visit to their new home and though they had come to the land of their game's inventor, over the next few trying months they would find themselves very much foreigners and, yes, even freaks, in Dr. Naismith's backyard.

James Naismith hailed from Almonte, Ontario, near Ottawa, but in the winter of 1891 he was in Springfield, Massachusetts, working as an instructor at the YMCA International Training School. A believer in the benefits of exercise, he devised an indoor game for his students. It involved moving a ball forward by bouncing it on a gymnasium floor and scoring by shooting it into peach baskets nailed to the gym's balconies.

By the time he had graduated from medical school in Colorado seven years later, basketball was growing in popularity throughout the United States and even making inroads in Canada. The first professional games were played in the northeastern states before the turn of the century, in YMCAs, halls or theatres, the courts surrounded by steel-mesh or rope-net cages which served as perfect walls for players to ricochet balls off, but which also often proved hazardous to the participants' health. The pro game was a rough affair and players wore a great deal of padding to protect themselves, not only from contact with one another but from rowdy fans.

The first professional association, the American Basketball League, was formed in 1925 by wealthy owners in northeastern American cities. The cages of former years were banned as was the two-handed dribble, and standardized rules gave the league credibility. They even admitted a barnstorming team from New York called "the Celtics" for a few years: a collection of some of the game's greatest players, they seldom lost. Such independent units were not uncommon, and other famous teams like the Harlem Globetrotters (blacks were not allowed in the pro league) enjoyed great success.

But the ABL was superseded by tremendous

In 1946 Canada's first professional basketball team arrived as a sort of freak show and departed with barely a whimper, chased away by inconsistent management decisions, our love of more aggressive sports, and the temper tantrums of "Man Mountain" Ed Sadowski.

changes that occurred in the middle and late thirties. In 1934 Ned Irish began presenting doubleheader college games at Madison Square Garden in New York and drawing sell-out crowds. In 1937 the National Basketball League was formed and quickly became dominant, with solid financial backing and all the best players. The following year the National Invitational Tournament (NIT) was conducted for college teams and in 1939 the NCAA playoffs began. Slowly, the sport pushed its way into the mainstream.

Though the pros were surviving in their Midwest-centred league, it was the faster and cleaner college game that drew the huge crowds and showed the real potential to make money. When NBL champion Fort Wayne was matched against the college all-stars at Chicago Stadium in late 1945 more than 22,000 fans jammed inside. By the end of that season, with the war over, more money available for the business of sports, and statistics showing that basketball was the most popular spectator sport in the United States, a number of eastern entrepreneurs concocted the idea of a new pro circuit, one that would aspire to true big-league status and yet capitalize on the popularity of the college game.

The Canadian inventor of the game contemplates his peach baskets.

National Archives of Canada

They met at the Commodore Hotel in New York on 6 June 1946, the first anniversary of D-Day. All present were either in control of, or well-connected to, a major arena, a prerequisite for admission into the league. Among the buildings put forward as a potential franchise site was Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. The idea was to grow along the lines of arena-driven professional hockey, using a similar playoff structure, and even appointing the president of the American Hockey League, Maurice Podoloff, as leader. In fact, with only one exception, every owner was connected to a building in the National Hockey League or the AHL. Of the six NHL cities only Montreal and its Forum did not gain a team. Thirteen franchises were awarded and four months later 11 were able to open training camps. Collectively they were called the Basketball Association of America.

The Toronto Huskies franchise was held by Maple Leaf Gardens but was owned by a group of investors, among them Eric Craddock, the team's president Charles Watson, and its chief director and vice-president Harold S. Shannon. It cost them $30,000 for rent and they put in a little more than $50,000 to finance the team. Salaries were on a scale with other big-league sports, most players earning in the $4,000 range, while others (like Huskies' player-coach Sadowski at $10,000) made more.

The Huskies were placed in the Eastern Division of the BAA, along with the legendary Red Auerbach's Washington Capitols, the Philadelphia Warriors, the Providence Steamrollers and two franchises that would become storied teams, the Boston Celtics and the New York Knickerbockers.

Lew Hayman, football coach of the hated Montreal Alouettes, was employed as the team's general manager, perhaps an unusual choice on the surface, but not so strange when Hayman's background as an all-American captain of Syracuse University's basketball team is considered.

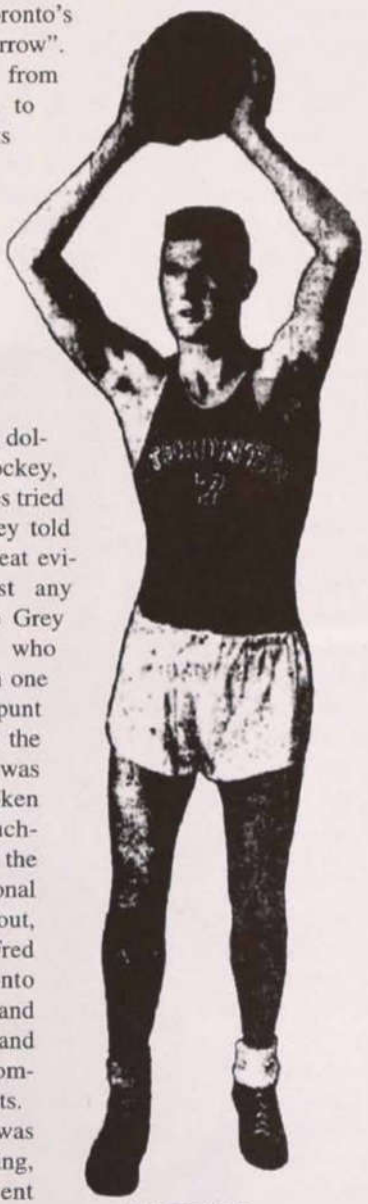
After Nostrand and Sadowski escaped the freak show that October day at the Gardens, they and about a dozen other hopefuls adjourned to Galt, Ontario, for training camp. But even the gymnasium wasn't prepared for them: the Galt Armories, in an arrangement seen only in very old courts, had no backboards for the baskets. It was an ominous sign of poor management. Nevertheless the team regrouped and headed for the properly equipped space at St. Jerome's College in nearby

Kitchener. Here they would spend two weeks preparing for their historic opening game on 1 November.

Though the Huskies were usually relegated to the second or third pages of the sports sections, they were far from ignored and once or twice even found themselves the lead story. While intrigued by the players' speed and agility, journalists seemed particularly fascinated by their supposed freakish height; headlines like "Tall Talent Will Perform With Huskies" and "Professional Cagers Come High" were common and on the eve of opening night readers were told "Toronto's Newest Skyline Unveils Itself Tomorrow". Management, far from shying away from such Barnum-like publicity, seemed to encourage it. Their advertisements stressed the unusual altitude of their "Fast Moving Giants" and they promoted a big photograph of Nostrand for the first game with the question "Can You Top This?" in bold letters. Anyone taller than "Long George", it went on to say, would be admitted free of charge to the first Gardens game.

Anxious to compete for the sporting dollar with the city's professional hockey, football and baseball teams, the Huskies tried another publicity ploy. Canadians, they told their prospective fans, would be in great evidence on the team. And not just any Canadians: Joe Krol, the idol of the Grey Cup Champion Toronto Argonauts, who could throw a football 60 yards, catch one while flying downfield and kick and punt with the best of them, was invited to the Huskies camp (where his conditioning was loudly questioned by the outspoken Sadowski); Hank Biasatti, the much-admired 21-year-old third baseman of the Toronto Maple Leafs of the International Baseball League was also given a try-out, as were Gino Sovran, Pat Sheehan, Fred Coulshard and University of Toronto standout Harry Mayelle. Only Biasatti and Sovran ever played for the Huskies and they were involved in just 12 games combined, scoring a grand total of 17 points.

Play in the league's first few years was much different from the slam-dunking, flying-through-the-air sport of recent decades. Only a few years graduated from jump-balls after every basket, the game was played at a much slower pace and very much on the ground. Set shots, many of the two-handed variety, were common and while jump shots or scoring moves in which a single hand was used were not rare they were considered manoeuvres involving considerable talent. Slam dunks were almost unheard of, mostly because few players exceeded 6'8" in height. And there was no 24-second clock, so teams could hold the ball for as long as they wanted without shooting (a fact that gave rise to such excruciatingly boring phenomena as a final score of 19-18 in a pro game in 1950), and would often find themselves in wrestling matches for



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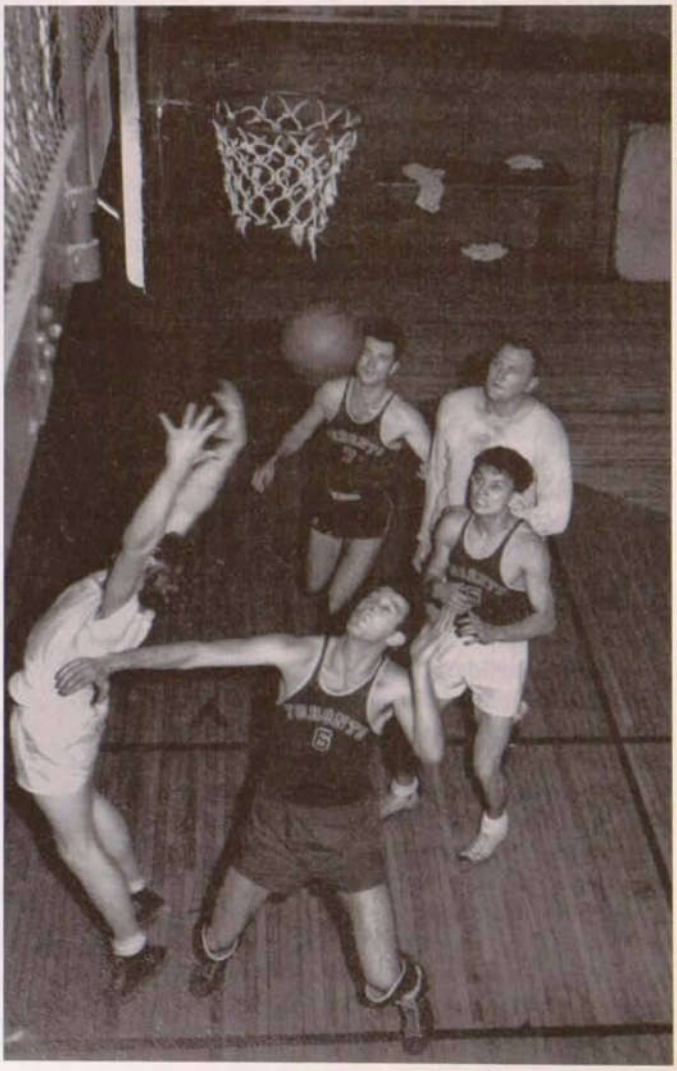
possession as the game neared its end. The BAA started out trying to imitate the faster college style (though their games would be 48 minutes instead of 40, allowing for a full evening's entertainment), but soon got back to the rougher pro style as fan demand for it grew. They also allowed their coaches to shout instructions from the bench, apparently a revolutionary change.

Perhaps the greatest difference, however, was in the early pro game's colour: it had an all-white hue. Even in 1946, as Jackie Robinson donned the uniform of the Montreal Royals to play in the Brooklyn Dodgers farm system (against the Toronto Maple Leafs, amongst others) and Herb Trawick broke the "colour-line" for the Montreal Alouettes in Canadian football, blacks were excluded from play in the major-league version of Dr. Naismith's game. Such were the racist beginnings of a sport that African-Americans would soon embrace and almost adopt as their own.

The first Canadian professional team in the "world's most popular sport" made its debut against the New York Knicks before more than 7,000 fans. The 48th Highlanders, fixtures at Leaf openers, piped the game to a beginning and celebrities included the Ontario minister of health, the mayor, and the legendary Ned Irish, founder of the Knicks and "Mr. Basketball" at Madison Square Garden. Pat Kennedy, a loud and entertaining man who was destined to reach the Hall of Fame, refereed the contest. It was played on a portable hardwood floor which was much admired, unlike the concrete surface employed for a Fort Wayne exhibition game the previous year, and glass backboards were used, the first of their kind in Canada. Ticket prices ranged from 75 cents to $2.50, slightly less than it cost to see the Leafs and a little more expensive than an Argo seat. Though investors had expected a few more spectators and the Knicks nipped the Huskies 68-66, fans seemed to enjoy what they saw.

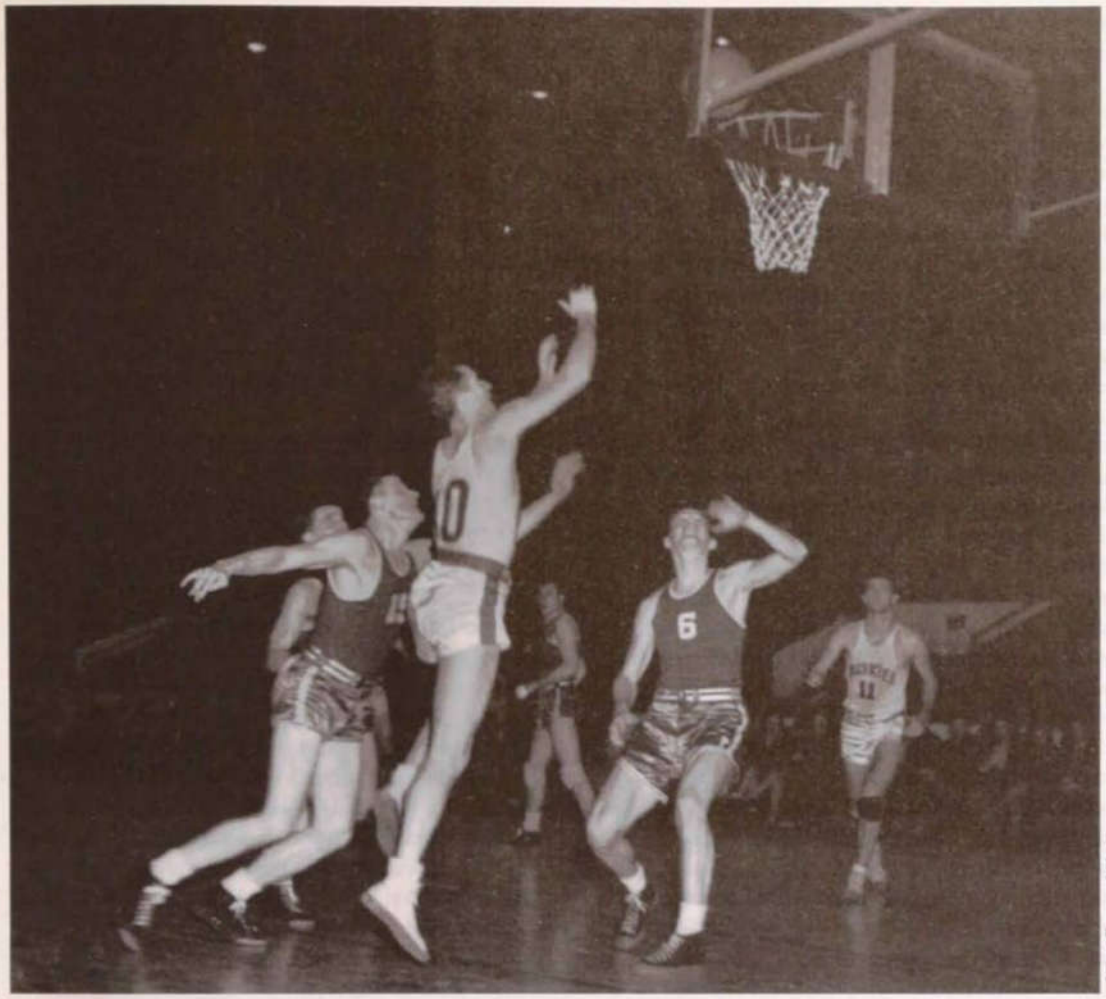
But opening night proved a deception. They never again drew a crowd of that size, in fact most were less than half as large. First among their problems was the immense popularity of the city's many other teams and sporting heroes. The Leafs of hockey, led by Apps, Kennedy, Turk Broda and a host of other particularly young teammates, like rookie-of-the-year Howie Meeker, were the undisputed darlings of Toronto, on their way to a Stanley Cup — in the finals they would best the mighty Montreal Canadiens and "Rocket" Richard in a series that enthralled the nation and filled the sports pages. The Argos, led by Krol, were packing Varsity Stadium on their way to their own championship; and there were also the baseball Leafs, wrestling champ Whipper Billy Watson's many title matches at the Gardens, the University of Toronto's popular Varsity football teams and even two Toronto clubs in the Ontario Rugby Football Union, eligible for the Grey Cup playoffs.

When the Huskies played their second game, against the Detroit Falcons, the Toronto Indians were confronting Balmy Beach in an Ontario Rugby Football Union semi-final game the same afternoon, and the following day the Alouettes played the Argos at Varsity while the Leafs hosted the Rangers at the Gardens in the evening. Basketball came third in attendance, barely nosing out the Beach game and far behind the Leaf and



City of Toronto Archives

"Man Mountain" Sadowski, in long sleeves, supervises a Huskies warm-up.



City of Toronto Archives

The Huskies in action against the Pittsburgh Iron Men, December 1946.

City of Toronto Archives

Dick Fitzgerald, Coach Red Rolfe and Clarence Hermsen confer on the bench at a Maple Leaf Gardens game.

Argo sell-outs. Before long they would have been pleased with a close fourth.

In love with hockey and football, reporters and fans seemed dismayed at basketball's lack of physical contact, and the fact that in the early stages of the first BAA season referees had been instructed to crack down on rough play didn't help matters. The games were also rather short: unlike the popular doubleheader tilts in the United States, the Huskies played one game and went home. And above and beyond all other problems, the team played poorly.

The league helped a little with the first difficulty by slowly relaxing some of the rough-play restrictions. The Huskies also extended their entertainment package by scheduling high school and popular Toronto and District League games (in which Krol starred) before their own; this had the added effect of injecting some local interest. But there was little they could do about their inept team, and Sadowski, though the league leader in points during the first few weeks, was the centre of the problem.

Other teams would come into the Gardens and leave with victories based on team play, but the Huskies' offense did little but give the ball to Sadowski, sometimes he scored and often he missed, and on defence they were woeful. Soon the newspapers became critical of the big man and then their criticism grew. For a time he controlled his anger, but after a home loss to the Cleveland Rebels in November that left the team with a record of three wins and nine losses, the "man mountain" who had recruited this squad and upon whom the franchise had built all its hopes, turned in his sweater and snapped "I'm through!" Then he disappeared.

Crowds of nearly 5,000 had come to the Cleveland game and a Celtics match earlier in the week, and Sadowski would soon be replaced by a much more competent coach (Robert "Red" Rolfe, Ivy League basketball instructor and former third baseman with the New York Yankees in the days of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig), but the loss of their big kingpin was a blow they could not afford. They soon traded him and another player to Cleveland (where he would finish fourth in league scoring) for centre Leo Mogus and Dick Schulz. But despite Rolfe's expert tutoring the team was only marginally better and Hayman had to keep trading, dealing even Nostrand and one of the starry Fitzgerald brothers. For a brief period he tried another freak-show stunt, bringing in 7'1" Ralph "Sky" Siewert, who played only 44 total professional games in his entire career, in which he averaged less than half a point per contest. By season's end the team was almost completely changed. Crowds dwindled, occasionally even dipping below 1,000, and press coverage, though rarely absent, became harder for the fan to find. Things were so desperate that management gave away free nylons to anyone who would buy a ticket.

The Toronto Huskies finished the 1946-47 season with a win-loss record of 22 and 38, out of the playoffs and in a tie for last place in the East with the Boston Celtics. The championship series gained little coverage in the Toronto papers, though it featured the stellar play of the league's first star, "Jumping Joe" Fulks of the Philadelphia Warriors — his team defeated the Chicago Stags before sell-out crowds.

Toronto investors, surprisingly, kept insisting publicly that they were not discouraged by their difficult first year and despite having dropped about $100,000, would continue the following season. But dire rumours circulated, like one that insisted they would move to Montreal, and well before the 1947-48 season began the Huskies were history.

They were not alone. Detroit, Cleveland and Pittsburgh also folded and it was said the league lost half-a-million dollars. Although there were a few positive signs, like the big crowds throughout the season at Madison Square Garden, and a Baltimore franchise that was added for the following season, it wasn't until 1948-49 that the league began to mature, when four teams were added from the NBL. The Minneapolis (later Los Angeles) Lakers brought with them 6'10" George Mikan, a genuine superstar. During the BAA's first two years the NBL had retained many of the best players, but by 1949-50 it was forced to fold and join the BAA, which now changed its name to the National Basketball Association.

The final move in the NBA's growth into adulthood occurred in 1950 when the Knicks signed Nat "Sweetwater" Clifton of the Globetrotters to a contract and the Boston Celtics and the Washington Capitols drafted Charles Cooper and Earl Lloyd respectively. On 31 October Lloyd became the first black player to participate in an NBA game.

In 1946 Canada's first professional basketball team arrived as a sort of freak show and departed with barely a whimper, chased away by inconsistent management decisions, our love of more aggressive sports, and the temper tantrums of "Man Mountain" Ed Sadowski. May the newly-born Toronto Raptors and Vancouver Grizzlies, often erroneously referred to as pioneering teams, bring greater glory to a game conceived by one of our own. ◆

Shane Peacock is the author of "The Great Farini", a life of the once-famous Canadian daredevil and showman, published by Viking in 1995.

Light on a Forgotten People

By STUART HOUSTON

CHILDREN OF THE FUR TRADE
Forgotten Métis of the Pacific Northwest
By John C. Jackson.
Mountain Press Publishing,
P.O. Box 2399,
Missoula, Missouri, 1995.
326 pp., illus. $25.00 U.S.

The fur-trade literature has emphasized the contributions of the managing class: the governors, chief traders and factors. In 1980, fine books by Jennifer Brown and Sylvia van Kirk told about the women of the fur trade, but information about the labourers and voyageurs, most of them illiterate, has remained rather sparse. It is a pleasure, then, to see this new book by John C. Jackson, himself descended from Pacific Northwest Métis. Much light is shed on a forgotten but resilient people, who settled in the nineteenth century in the northern Pacific states.

A great many of the subjects, or their forebears, originated in Quebec or the Red River settlement. On their arrival in Oregon and Washington, some chose to live on Indian reservations while others were absorbed into the dominant and growing white community. Through his use of West Coast archival sources, Jackson has unearthed large numbers of names, almost reminiscent of the "begats" in early books of the Bible. This wealth of material is most welcome, but in a few spots makes for heavy reading.

A surprising number of the voyageurs in the Pacific drainage were Indians, including many Iroquois; for example, by 1818-1822, 25 Iroquois worked for Big Donald McKenzie at Snake River, 13 were with Bourdon at Spokane House, and 24 settled with the Salish in western Montana. Among the earliest Métis were those who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805: George Drouillard, Pierre Crouzette, and François La Biche. The fourth, Toussaint Charbonneau, had a 16-year-old Shoshone wife who became the subject of Harold P. Howard's 1971 biography, *Sacajawea*.

Jacco Finlay, son of a Scottish father and an Ojibway mother, began his fur-trade career at the age of 16 in 1783. In 1806, he roughly mapped the Blaeberry River route to the Columbia River, used by David Thompson the next summer. Jacco built Spokane House, a handsome establishment with a ballroom, where traders danced with graceful and attractive Spokane Indian girls. The Jocko River of western Montana commemorates his name.

Many traders carried names familiar to Canadian fur-trade history. Some took Indian wives. Chinook chief Concomly's daughters married Duncan McDougall, Thomas McKay and Archibald McDonald. Peter Skene Ogden married Julia Tête Plate of Iroquois heritage. Finan McDonald married a Pend d'Oreille girl. Some Indian girls were treated like chattels: a Chaudieres girl was passed from John Clark of the Astoria Company to Jean Baptiste Boucher to Joachim Hubert; the daughter of her union with Clark married Chief Trader Francis Heron. One pretty 17-year-old Spokane girl was purchased from her Indian husband with "a gun, 100 rounds of ammunition, a dagger and ten fathoms of tobacco."

Jackson devotes a chapter each to three men from Rupert's Land with Métis mothers: Thomas McKay, who was born at Ile-à-la-Crosse, the son of Alexander McKay and Marguerite Wadin; Charles McKay, who was born at Brandon House, the son of John McKay and Mary Favel; John Flett, son of George Flett, a Scotsman on the Saskatchewan River, and his wife, Saskatchewan. Jackson refers to the "tangled relationships" between the Flett, Tait and Birston families, that stretched back to the North Saskatchewan River, so tangled that they are truly difficult to decipher. For example, Jackson tells us that three men of the 1841 emigrants were married to daughters of Chief Factor James Bird, but does not say which three. The answers are scattered throughout the book, but only with some time-consuming detective work and judicious use of the index, can one can come up with the answers. Thomas McKay later sent his three half-Chinook sons to American schools; William Cameron McKay returned as a medical doctor.

Some fur-trade crews were of motley origin. The HBC Snake River Brigade of Alexander Ross included "two Americans, 17 Canadians, five half-bloods from east of the mountains, 12 Iroquois, two Abenaki, two Nipissing, one Saulteaux (Ojibwa), two Cree, one Chinook, two Spokane, two Kutenai, three Flatheads, two Kalispell, one Palouse, and a Snake Indian slave."

Three chapters are devoted to HBC Governor George Simpson's effort to bolster Britain's claim to what is now the state of Washington. In 1838 he arranged to bring the first Catholic priests, Fathers Blanchet and Demers, from Canada. Simpson, "one of the first true corporate men", next arranged the overland trek by James Sinclair, who in 1841 led 22 Red River families, with 77 children (three more were born during the journey), across the prairies and over the Rockies. These families settled at Cowlitz and Nisqually. Simpson had promised each family a bull and ten or more cows, 50 to 100 ewes, rams, hogs, oxen, and a few horses, but apart from some token assistance, reneged on his promises. The English-speaking group soon left Nisqually and moved south of the Columbia River, the expected British-American dividing line, to

settle in the Willamette Valley. The seven French-speaking families toughed it out on the Cowlitz plains, near present Toledo, Washington.

There are a few errors. For example, George Simpson was knighted in 1841, not 1838; on map 3, the upper Columbia is mislabelled as Selkirk River; on page 106, a sentence of Jackson's is inappropriately included in the subsequent quotation. Of necessity there is some repetition between chapters. A few quotations have no citation as to their source.

Jackson has amassed a fine collection of 80 illustrations, most of them photographs, and has prepared six helpful maps. In addition, there are delightful sketches, including one each on the frontispiece page for each of 18 chapters. There are 423 informative footnotes. All in all, this account of the Oregon and Washington connections of heretofore unacclaimed Métis will be something of an eye-opener to most readers.

Stuart Houston, Professor Emeritus of Medical Imaging at the University of Saskatchewan, is best known for his first Franklin expedition trilogy.

PETHERWIN HERITAGE

A sense of place and history:
regional and national historical research, writing, heritage tourism, cultural resources.

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THE BEAVER

A Gift That Lasts All Year

History in Logs

By LAIRD RANKIN

LOG HOUSES: CANADIAN CLASSICS
Photographs by Peter Christopher.
Text by Richard Skinulis.
Boston Mills Press,
Erin, Ontario, 1995.
118 pp., illus. $50.

"One of the most comforting, cosy images in the world is of a log home muffled by a thick coat of snow, smoke wisping out of the chimney and golden light glowing out of the many-paned window".

Variations on that idyllic scene are played out generously in this handsome homage to the hand-hewn home. And if you long for a log one, this book's for you: it will either heighten your desire or dampen your dreams. On the one hand, the book features dozens of clear, crisp photographs by Peter Christopher, showing some of Canada's best examples of the craft. They are wooden in subject only; in every other sense, they exude warmth and rustic charm, a sense of romance. On the other hand, when you learn that the cost to build a log home runs between $100 and $150 a square foot, substantially more than its average brick or frame counterpart, this book may be as far as you get. You'll settle for your centrehall plan in suburbia and be content to fantasize.

Richard Skinulis, who wrote the text in a breezy, conversational style, has taken the broad approach and given a generous sweep to the subject. He offers many sides to the log-home story, including an overview of how to build one yourself. In the course of the six chapters, you are introduced to the terms of the trade: shrinkage, chinking, piece-on-piece, stockade versus stackwall design and "loggie", a slang expression for a log home. You learn that while Canada is undergoing a renaissance in log-home construction — there are 150 companies that build them! — Japan represents the largest export market for the product. Being fair-minded, Skinulis identifies the pleasures and problems of owning such a home. Log shrinkage is a bug-bear but the smell of pine or cedar is unbeatable, assuming there are no shrivelled logs causing drafts to dilute it.

The history of the home has not been forgotten either; it has been dovetailed into the narrative throughout the book. But it is not without knots. While the author is correct in saying that the Hudson's Bay Company's first fort, Rupert House, was indeed of the stockade style, that fort was not located, as stated in the text, in the Northwest Territories. It was at the mouth of the Rupert River, in present-day Quebec.

History continues to play an important part in the modern-day log home. For instance, there are certain things that should and should not be done when it comes to furnishing, decorating and outfitting one. Aluminum windows are frowned upon.

In his broad-brush zeal, however, Skinulis has been a little too quick on occasion to be general and has omitted information that would have been useful to the reader. Why is there an inconsistency in identifying the locations of the homes? Some are; some are not. Why are the few people in the text — Rob Varey, Walter DaRold and Helmut Gransow, all of whom seem to have or have had associations with log homes — merely mentioned in passing? Brief sketches on the individuals would have been appropriate and unobtrusive.

Splinters aside, this book is evocative and entertaining — with no drafts.

Laird Rankin is Vice-President and Secretary of Canada's National History Society. He lives in an apartment.

Man at the centre

By ANTHONY KETCHUM

MALCOLM MacDONALD
Bringing an End to Empire
By Clyde Sanger.
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 1995.
446 pp., illus. $49.95.

If even the footnotes have fascinating anecdotes (about Gouzenko, Mackenzie King, Chinese ceramics, for example) it's a good indication that one has found an unusually interesting book. Readers old enough to remember the 1940s, 50s and 60s will find this work especially revealing, but for anyone interested in biography or history it is an entertaining yet penetrating portrait of a "quietly amazing man of history".

When Canadian history was being made, both before, during and after the Second World War, Malcolm MacDonald was frequently at the centre. Long before the United States challenged our jurisdiction in West Coast and Arctic waters he made sure that a preoccupied Canadian government took time to assert its ownership, during wartime, of the Alaska Highway and the various American bases. And when Mackenzie King asked him to read a message to Churchill requesting help with King's conscription problems, it was Malcolm MacDonald who saw that Canadian sovereignty would be compromised unless King changed the wording.

This is much more than the biography of highly influential diplomat. It is above all a most readable history of the emergence of much of the Commonwealth, Eire, Palestine — even Laos where, in 1961, Malcolm MacDonald was co-chairman of the international conference. Had that conference failed, few of us realize how close the world would have come to a Third World War.

The book is organized into 41 chapters of about 10 pages each, enabling one to use a few spare moments to learn about moving the top-secret British atomic bomb research to Canada during the war, or the London Blitz (MacDonald was Churchill's Minister of Health) or Kenyan independence or even Malcolm Macdonald's widely acclaimed books about birds or his Chinese ceramic collection — now at the University of Durham and valued at well over £3 million.

Whether Sanger is canoeing on the Ottawa River, re-tracing his subject's early-morning trips to Hull's Brewery Creek to study the birds, or interviewing

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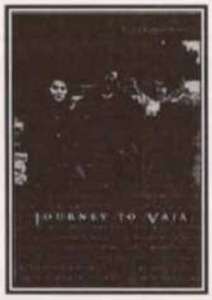

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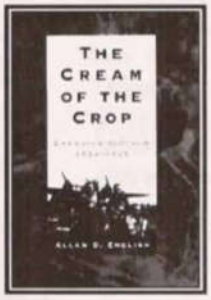

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throughout Asia, Africa and Britain his portrayal of human nature and recent history is a wonderful antidote to our daily diet of media trivialities.

Sanger is the Communications Director of the North-South Institute in Ottawa, a long-time contributor to the *Economist*, former African correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and author of a number of acclaimed books. A final objection and question: Why did he waste time consulting a graphologist about his subject's handwriting? The results were contradictory and surely didn't warrant even one short paragraph in a work which otherwise exhibits such high standards of scholarship and journalism.

At a point in history when opposing groups around the globe are determined to get their way whatever the cost, it is a revelation to learn how a diplomat ("incapable of superior airs ... a man whose life's work was to make imperial rule a thing of yesterday") could create understanding and friendship among seemingly irreconcilable adversaries.

Malcolm MacDonald called himself a miserable sinner, but from his childhood learned to love his neighbours as himself. Throughout his amazing career he fought racism and prejudice and treated "the world's entire population" as his neighbour. With his zest for life and unfailing optimism in man's future, in many ways he was the ideal statesman to help bring a civilized "end to empire".

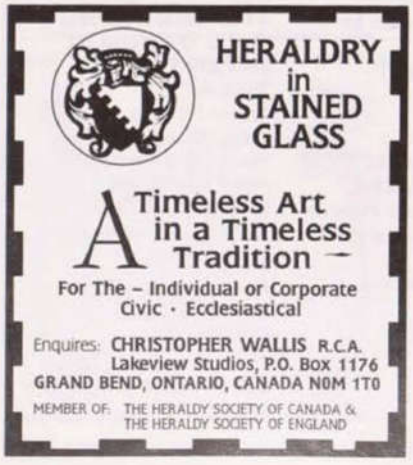
Anthony Ketchum is a retired teacher. He lives in Toronto.

In words and pictures

TALES OF THE OLD NORTH SHORE
By Howard Sivertson.
Lake Superior Port Cities Inc., Duluth, Minnesota, 1996.
104 pp., 44 paintings. $29.95.

Through paintings and prose, artist/writer Howard Sivertson of Grand Marais, Minnesota, tells tales mainly associated with a 75-mile stretch of Lake Superior's North shore, to the west of the U.S./Canadian border. Described as an "art/history" book, the mixed media approach produces mixed results. Some of the 44 stories are, naturally, more interesting than others but collectively they offer a great range of material, written in a engaging manner, that would appeal to a North Shore audience on either side of the border. Equally varied, but less appealing, are the paintings. When trees and water are the principal ingredients of almost every picture, there is a touch of monotony to it all. Fortunately, relief comes in the form of art that is quite haunting ("Daring Rescue During the Famine of 1856") or humourous ("Isle Royale Cowboy", which is also one of the more unusual tales) to other paintings, collages mainly such as "Isle Royale Roy", that would be better on bubble gum cards or velvet. A more detailed map would be helpful. The one supplied lacks the international boundary line and omits some of the reference points mentioned in the stories, thereby leaving those of us non-residents of the North Shore stranded in unfamiliar territory. Which way to the beach?

— LAIRD RANKIN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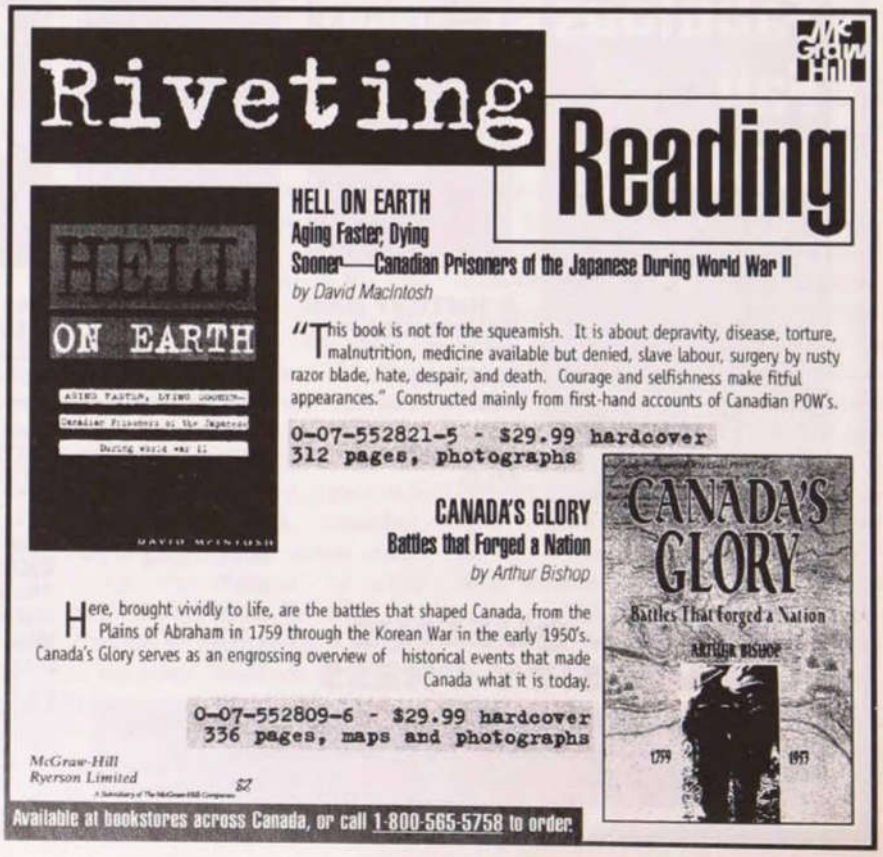
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Showdown at Windsor

By GAVIN MURPHY

NINETY-NINE DAYS
The Ford Strike in Windsor, 1945
By Herb Colling.
NC Press Limited, Toronto, 1995.
200 pp., illus. $19.95.

The 1945 strike at the Ford Motor Company of Canada in Windsor, Ontario, a landmark dispute that brought about union security for Ford workers, is vividly brought to life in Herb Colling's *Ninety-Nine Days*.

Colling, a Windsor radio announcer, examines the strike through a day-by-day account of events. The causes of the strike, the most important industrial dispute in Canadian post-war history, are not hard to find.

Workers at Ford could be fired on the spot at management's whim. Physical and verbal abuse from supervisors was common. There was no smoking or talking on the line and workers only had 15 minutes to eat at their machines. They had no right of appeal from management decisions.

Victory overseas brought peace to Canada and labour strife to Windsor. Workers expected the government to live up to its election promise of new labour legislation and were prepared to fight for their rights. They demanded a decent salary, improved benefits and union security.

Ford was loath to grant union security so the two sides dug in their heels. On 12 September, 8,500 UAW Local 200 Ford workers walked off the job. They remained on strike for the next 99 days as unions, management, three levels of government, the media and even the local clergy attempted to broker a settlement.

A 19 December union vote ended the strike and binding arbitration was imposed. Supreme Court Justice Ivan Rand was appointed to resolve the dispute. Among other things, he developed what became known as the Rand Formula, whereby closed union shops were prohibited, but a compulsory dues check-off was implemented to ensure union viability.

Colling does a thorough job researching the strike through archives, films, books, papers and personal interviews with those involved. *Ninety-Nine Days* includes a good and varied selection of photographs, including an excellent cover picture of the famous 5 November 1945 blockade of the strike-bound Ford plant by hundreds of vehicles.

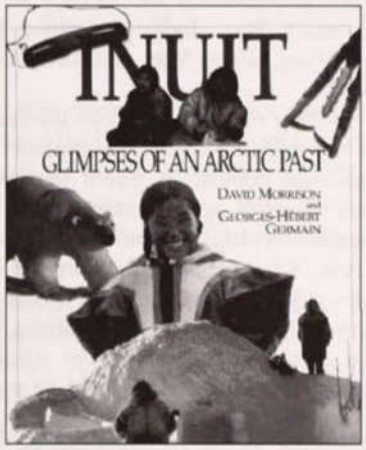
This book is more than just an account of a key event in Canadian labour history. It describes the human drama of men and women pushed to the brink. Scraping together enough money to pay the bills and put food on the table was a difficult task with a maximum weekly strike pay of $15. It was estimated Windsor lost more than $3.5 million in wages, 20,000 families were without an income, production was behind schedule and conversion to a peacetime economy delayed because of strikes related to the Ford dispute.

Colling concludes that the Windsor strike was a partial victory for both sides. Workers and management eventually focused on the job of rebuilding Canada after six years of war once it was settled. Plant workers won union security and better working conditions. Ford was back in business selling the cars a growing Canada needed.

The company carried on production in Windsor until 1953-54 when its Canadian head office and assembly lines were moved to Oakville. The Rand Formula stood the test of time and was the cornerstone of many Canadian labour contracts that followed.

Ford workers in Windsor marched together in solidarity during 1945, achieving union security and leaving a lasting mark on the Canadian labour movement. Colling's book is a reminder of that legacy.

Gavin Murphy is an Ottawa lawyer.



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Inuit Glimpses of an Arctic Past

by David Morrison and Georges-Hébert Germain

For most of humanity the Arctic is literally the end of the world. It takes its name fittingly, from the Greek word for bear, *arktos*, for this is the land under the constellation of the Great Bear. *Inuit: Glimpses of an Arctic Past* is a comprehensive account of traditional Inuit life before the arrival of the fur trader or the invention of the snowmobile. Beautifully illustrated, it combines a popular style with rigorous scholarly research, painting an accurate picture of life as it once was under the Great Bear. *Cloth $34.95*

Bravery on land and sea

By GAVIN MURPHY

OUR BRAVEST AND OUR BEST
The Stories of Canada's Victoria Cross Winners
By Arthur Bishop.
McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited,
Whitby, Ontario, 1995.
212 pp., illus. $29.99.

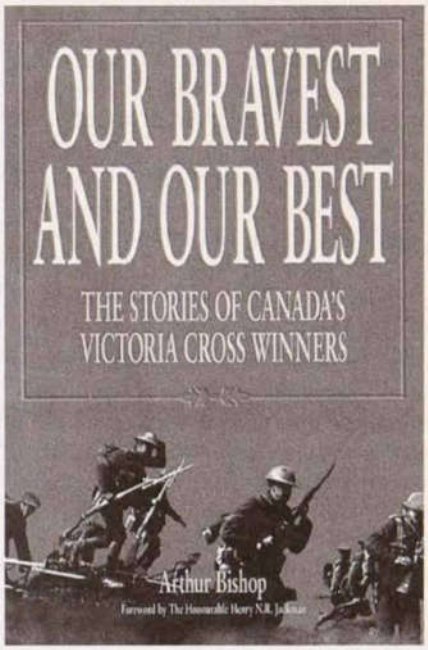
THE UNKNOWN NAVY
Canada's World War II Merchant Navy
By Robert G. Halford.
Vanwell Publishing Limited,
St. Catharines, Ontario, 1995.
272 pp., illus. $29.95.

Arthur Bishop's book takes a fresh look at the often-forgotten feats of Canada's Victoria Cross winners.

Bishop, son of famed VC recipient and First World War flying ace Billy Bishop, writes a gripping account of the heroics of the 95 Canadians awarded the British Empire's highest military decoration between 1854 and 1945. Canada won more VCs per capita than any nation, including seven in one day for a single action at Drocourt-Quéant Line on 2 September 1918.

Our Bravest and Our Best opens with a history of the coveted bronze medal, first presented by Queen Victoria in 1857. The VC was awarded "For Valour" in combat, regardless of the recipient's rank. The initial medals were made from Russian guns captured in the Crimean War. These cannons turned out to be of Chinese origin and of such poor quality that future VCs had to be hand-cast rather than produced from a die.

Canada's first winner was Alexander Dunn, for bravery during the Charge of the Light Brigade. Dunn later died under suspicious circumstances and is buried in a small cemetery in Senafe, Ethiopia. Airman Robert Gray was the last recipient, awarded the VC for a 1945 bombing raid over Japan that took his life. Even the Japanese recognized Gray in 1989 by building a memorial in his honour, the only such memorial on Japanese soil. In between these two winners, the



book describes the exploits of VC recipients on land, sea and in the air; men who distinguished themselves in the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, Riel Rebellion, Boer War and two World Wars.

Bishop effectively places the reader in the thick of battle. He explains the historical context in which the award was won, as well as highlighted the recipient's life beyond the Victoria Cross. An appendix indicating the current whereabouts of the medals is especially intriguing. Many of the VCs are in the possession of the winner's family or have been donated to museums. Some medals have been lost, auctioned, stolen or destroyed by fire. Wallace Algie's VC, posthumously awarded in 1918, was acquired by the Canadian War Museum in 1995 at a London auction. There is no record of the fate of Milton Gregg's VC. It was stolen from a museum on Christmas Eve, 1978 and has never been recovered.

The book is full of fascinating anecdotes. Three of Canada's First World War VC winners once lived on Winnipeg's Pine Street. In 1925 the city appropriately renamed it Valour Road. Three other VC winners are buried at Greenwood Cemetery in Owen Sound, Ontario.

Numerous photographs, portraits and paintings are included. The mix is generally good, and likely the best to be expected in some circumstances. Unfortunately battlefield images, of which there are no shortage, are often of questionable quality. In at least one instance the same illustration is used twice. A closer editing job would have prevented obvious errors with dates and names.

Our Bravest and Our Best gives all VC winners equal billing. Whether the name is Barker, Scrimger, Pearkes or Konowal, this book is a tribute to the courageous VC recipients who are not only our bravest and our best, but also an essential part of Canada's military heritage.

Robert G. Halford's *The Unknown Navy* describes the important role of Canada's Merchant Navy in the Second World War and answers the perplexing question of why this contribution has been essentially ignored for half a century.

Halford spent six years researching and writing this book. *The Unknown Navy* is broken down into three sections featuring a general history of the wartime Merchant Navy, Halford's own merchant-navy experience in the war and the oral recollections of other veterans. Also included are a wide selection of ship and crew photographs.

Canada's deep-sea fleet was greatly expanded by the federal government in April 1942 with the creation of the Park Steamship Company. The Park Line was established to fill the void left by crippling losses to the British Mercantile Marine. This was the second attempt to create a viable Canadian deep-sea merchant fleet this century. The Canadian Government Merchant Marine was created after the First World War with mixed results.

All but two of the 176 Park vessels were named after Canadian parks. Although the line was Crown-owned, vessels were managed by private shipping companies. Halford notes that just two Parks were sunk in enemy action. Other Canadian-flagged vessels suffered the most. Almost 90% of Canada's merchant casualties were recorded before the end of 1942.

A peculiar group of sailors signed on with the Merchant Navy. Says William Hutcherson, who first went to sea in 1944 aboard the *Crystal Park*:

> It was fleshed out by an assortment from every walk of life, among them the stubblejumpers, and kids who had never seen or smelled salt water, guys who washed dishes in the greasy-spoon restaurants, hobos from the jungles, beer-slingers and guzzlers from the waterfront bars, tinkers, tailors, goofballs and sailors and really from every conceivable corner of the country.

About 13 percent, or 1,600 of Canada's 12,000 wartime merchant seamen, perished in the line of duty. It was not until 1992 that the federal government conferred official status on merchant survivors.

Accounts of Canada's wartime effort often overlook the vital role played by shipbuilders. Halford writes extensively on this, pointing out that 403 merchant ships were built at domestic shipyards between 1941-45. It was a national undertaking with shipbuilding on both coasts and at yards along the St. Lawrence River. During 1943 alone, over 150 cargo vessels were delivered. This impressive output was in addition to massive naval construction. By 1945 Canada had the world's fourth largest merchant fleet.

The government sold off the Parks at fire-sale prices after the war. High operating costs helped to seal their fate. Halford also claims the fleet was gutted due to government overreaction to events.

The Canadian Seamen's Union leadership (but not its rank and file) admitted to Communist sympathies and neither the government nor shipowners wanted any part of them, particularly after the CSU strike of 1949. To help rid the ships of activists, the government brought in union bully Hal Banks, a convicted felon from the United States. The union was destroyed, but the price paid was the virtual elimination of the Merchant Navy. Today, less than one percent of Canada's deep-sea trade is carried in Canadian-registered vessels.

Halford's book rebuts several myths associated with the fleet such as high levels of pay and easy working conditions. He passionately concludes that this fleet made a significant contribution to final victory, the Parks alone carrying 12.4 million tons of cargo from 1942 to 1946. Unfortunately this effort is little more than an historical footnote. Postwar troubles have overshadowed wartime glories.

The Unknown Navy sets the record straight. It is proof positive of the remarkable contribution of Canada's merchant veterans.

Books Received

Recently published books on North American history include:

Workers and Canadian History. By Gregory S. Kealey. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1995. $60. hardcover; $24.95 paper.

Bright Seas, Pioneer Spirits: The Sunshine Coast. By Betty C. Keller and Rosella M. Leslie. Horsdal & Schubart Publishers, Victoria, 1996. $14.95.

The Klondike's 'Dear Little Nugget'. By Ian Macdonald and Betty O'Keefe. Horsdal & Schubart Publishers, Victoria, 1996. $12.95.

A Chronicle of Lower Canada: Book Three, A Damned Rebellion. By Jan Henry Morgan. Chantecler Press, Arundel, Quebec. $18.50.

A Home Across the Water. By Jean Wardle Bradley. Braeward Publishing, Scarborough, 1996. $10.95.

Strange Stories of Alaska and the Yukon. By Ed Ferrell. Epicenter Press, Kenmore, Washington, 1996. $13.95.

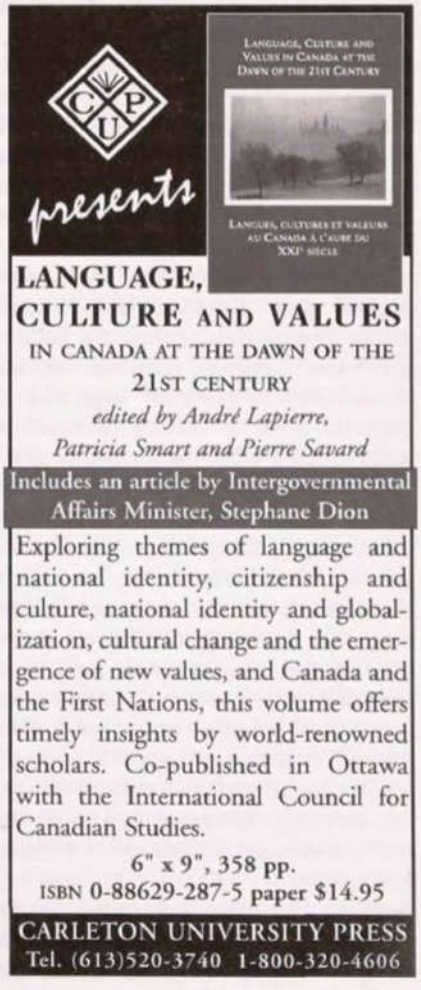
A Boy's Cottage Diary, 1904. By Fred Dickinson. Petherwin Heritage, Ottawa, 1996. $16.95.

Chilkoot Trail: Heritage Route to the Klondike. By David Neufeld and Frank Norris. Lost Moose Publishing, Whitehorse, 1996. $25.95.

Beginnings: From the First Nations to the Great Migration. By Marshall Jamieson. Reidmore Books, Edmonton, 1996. $26.20.

Place Names of Alberta, Volume IV, Northern Alberta. By Merrily K. Aubrey. University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 1996. $29.95.

The Cream of the Crop: Canadian Aircrew 1939-1945. By Allan D. English. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996. $29.95.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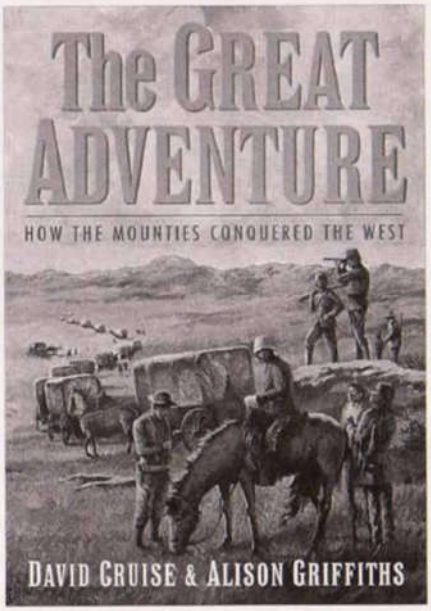
The 'Wild' West and 'Canada's Century'

Canadian history remains alive and well — and coming soon to your local bookstore. A combing of the ads and catalogues for soon-to-be published works turned up a number which may interest *Beaver* readers readying themselves for holiday giving (or receiving). But why must the advance notices for what may well be worthwhile volumes be so breathless in their enthusiasm? You can't tell a book by its promotional puff.

The Great Adventure: How the Mounties Conquered the West is set in the 1870s in the Canadian West, a territory, according to Penguin Books' publicists, which was "completely wild" with its "American whisky smugglers, traders, desperadoes, warring Indians," the scene of "countless skirmishes, murders, and massacres." In 1874, into this "immense, raw land" marched "men determined to tame it," a squad of "untrained, unprepared recruits" of the newly formed North West Mounted Police. Wow!

What is Canadian and even more popular than the Mounties? Hockey. Hence Penguin also offers the holiday gift-buyer *Legends: Legends of the Hockey Hall of Fame*, a "large format, pictorial book ... created in synchronism" (that's what the catalogue says) with an upcoming television series. This sure-to-be-visually-attractive book traces 100 years of hockey history. "As Canada grew up," the blurb goes on, "so too did the game ... versatile and hardy as the land that spawned it." There's more: "hockey has brought out the best in us, inspiring acts of greatness and humanity, it has also inflamed anger and broken hearts. Yet always, the magical game on ice has augmented our sense of who we are, elevating our mortal players into the quiet, undaunted mythology of a nation still new."

Every Canadian publishing season needs a railway book. Boston Mills obliges us (publishing rail books has been a specialty of theirs for some years — alas, too many of their earlier productions are out-of-print) with *Lines of Country: An Atlas of Railway and Waterway History in Canada*. I look forward to looking through it, even if it does cost $85.00. Anything produced by that publisher will be valuable, regardless of price.



Despite the something-less-than-overwhelming response to his *Winter* a couple of years ago, Pierre Berton has produced another lavishly illustrated volume, *The Great Lakes*. That this, his forty-first book, is "Berton's richest achievement yet" I doubt, but it is certain to be a good read — and, with André Gallant's photographic artistry, a good look. How much of it is history, how much geography, I can't say until I see it.

Interest in our nation's earliest inhabitants continues to be strong. Perhaps the best-choice gift book will be *I Have Lived Here Since the World Began: An Illustrated History of Canada's Native People*. Combining 12,000 years of history and culture into "a single comprehensive volume," can have been no mean task, but UBC prof Arthur Ray was surely up to it. Many of us admire his other works, especially his section on native history in *The Illustrated History of Canada*.

A revision of that standard history has just come out — alas, it is a sad substitute for the splendid 1987 original work. The new, softbound edition is severely diminished in quality: all colour plates gone, remaining illustrations poorly reproduced, page size reduced to 6 by 8 inches, gutter margins almost non-existent. The text, updated through 1995, is superb, but the cheaper format almost repels the reader.

"The twentieth century belongs to Canada," Laurier declared. Now that it is nearly over, a 500-page celebration, *Our Glorious Century*, has been produced. Unintentionally, no doubt, the book argues against Laurier. Its parade of important occurrences of the past 100 years offers ample evidence that Canada belongs to the United States. The foreword may boldly assert that "Canadians are not Americans," but the book is almost totally made up of vignettes of events and personalities to the south of us. A lovely, silver-bound scrapbook, it combines more that 200 brief narratives and myriad pictures, with scattered Canadian bits and references artfully pasted in. The credits list U.S. contributors and consultants, 74; Canadians, 6. (21st century, anyone?) Nonetheless, its luxurious format and easily read and digested content (the publisher *is* Reader's Digest Canada) makes it an elegant gift, especially for those who take their history lessons in quick dips.

Those who would immerse themselves more deeply, might try new works by two writers noted for their fiction, poetry or essay — each has more than 40 books to his name — but novices as chroniclers of Canadian history. The advance notices are fascinating. *Nova Scotia Shaped by the Sea* traces that

land's story "From the Beginning of Time," according to the subtitle. Author Lesley Choyce "weaves together the legacy of this unique coastal province, piecing together the stories written in the rocks, the wrecks and the record books of human glory and human error."

And from the West Coast (*a mari usque ad mare*) we are offered *Bowering's B.C.: A Swashbuckling History*. Like Choyce, George Bowering also found history in the geography, "written on the land before anyone put ink on paper or paint to totem pole." To him, British Columbia "has always been a pretty funny place, but it also tells a serious story of touchy race relations, heroic men and women, and the kind of romance that makes sensible people want to write books," and, presumably, read them.

There are a number of other books in the fall lists — histories, biographies, political commentaries — which sound good, but I'll forego judgment until I see the books themselves. Watch this space.

Books Cited

The Great Adventure: How the Mounties Conquered the West. By David Cruise and Alison Griffiths. Penguin Books. $32.00.

Legends: Legends of the Hockey Hall of Fame. By Michael McKinley. Penguin Books. $50.00.

Lines of Country: An Atlas of Railway and Waterway History in Canada. Christopher Andreae. Boston Mills Press. $85.00.

The Great Lakes. By Pierre Berton. Stoddart. $50.00.

I Have Lived Here Since the World Began: An Illustrated History of Canada's Native People. By Arthur J. Ray. Lester/Key Porter. $40.00.

The Illustrated History of Canada. Edited by Craig Brown. Lester. $24.95 paper.

Our Glorious Century. Reader's Digest. $49.95.

Nova Scotia Shaped by the Sea. By Lesley Choyce. Penguin Books. $29.99.

Bowering's B.C.: A Swashbuckling History. By George Bowering. Penguin Books. $32.00.

The poor, the rich and the Gaults

By IAN McCULLOCH

FIRST IN THE FIELD: GAULT OF THE PATRICIAS
By Jeffery Williams.
Vanwell Publishing Ltd.,
St. Catharines, Ontario, 1995.
278 pp., illus. $37.95.

Andrew Hamilton Gault is best known in Canadian history as the wealthy Montrealer who privately raised a regiment of ex-British servicemen in Canada and offered it for service in the Great War. Her Royal Highness, Princess Patricia of Connaught, daughter of Canada's Governor-General, consented to give her name to the regiment and on 10 August 1914 the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (PPCLI) was born. After serving eleven months in the British Army, the PPCLI joined the Canadian Corps for the rest of the war as a Canadian Expeditionary Force unit. It was disbanded in Ottawa on 19 March 1919, only to be reconstituted two days later as a regiment of the Permanent Active Militia (Regular Force). It still flourishes today with three Regular Force battalions located in Western Canada.

Biographer Jeffery Williams, once a PPCLI officer himself and a personal friend of Gault, would have us believe that two of Gault's main contributions to Canada — "the founding of its most famous regiment and the conservation and gift of his wilderness estate at Mont Ste. Hilaire in Quebec" — are indications of his subject's deep instinct "to preserve and protect the nation and land from which [they] grew". Moreover, Williams claims that Gault, "working for the closer integration of the Empire and its defence" while serving as a British MP, "even as consul-general for Sweden", was serving Canada's interests and this combined with "his massive integrity and towering personality raised him above other men" and makes him "an exemplar for a nation". It is quite a list of accomplishments, but the logic of his arguments leaves a little to be desired.

The title of the biography gives the first clue as to where Williams' true interests lie in chronicling Gault's life and, invariably, it is the chapters on Williams' old regiment that are the best researched and well-written. The remainder of the book, however, is sketchy and the first five chapters which ostensibly set the foundations for Gault's sterling character and outlook on life are poorly researched, badly presented and often contradictory.

In Montreal society, it was said "there were the poor, the rich and the Gaults", a telling comment on Gault's social position in Canada, but Williams' handling of Hamilton's boyhood, schooling, and social life in the 14 years prior to the war are glossed over in a disappointing way.

For the 14 years between the Boer War and the Great War, Williams tells us little of the great city in which "Hammie" lived and, again, we are starved of anything to give us the ambience and flavour of Montreal at the turn of the century. Lacking, for example, is the rich context and understanding so evident in Sandra Gwyn's *Tapestry of War*. Such books as Donald McKay's excellent *The Square Mile: Merchant Princes of Montreal* (1987) or Margaret Westley's *Remembrance of Grandeur: The Anglo-Protestant Elite of Montreal 1900-1950* (1990), key books to any basic understanding of Gault's milieu and formative years, are strangely absent from Williams bibliography and highlight the paucity of Williams' research and understanding of his subject matter.

During the war, Gault would be wounded three times, the last time seriously, losing his leg. He would also lose his wife, Marguerite Stephens, finding her alone with a regimental officer on one of his leaves to England.

Despite the loss of a leg, Gault gamely stayed on at the front, commanded a reinforcement depot, tried to transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, and brought his regiment home to Canada to demobilize

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CORRECTION

In the August-September issue of *The Beaver* a processing error spoiled a paragraph in "Conflicts and Adversities" by Stuart Jenness, an account of the activities of scientists in the Southern Party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-1916.

The paragraph starting at the bottom of the right-hand column on page 40 should have read: "John Cox, the other geographer, using motor launch or dog team, mapped most of the west channel of the Mackenzie Delta, the coast from there to the International Boundary, and up the Firth River for many miles."

after the Armistice. The war had changed him and he did not wish to return to the social and business world of Montreal. He married an Englishwoman, settling in Taunton, Somerset, and entered British politics. This conscious decision on Gault's part is the reason why not many Canadians know of his other achievements: his flying abilities, his discovery of the embryonic Luftwaffe in the early years of Hitler's power, his efforts to expand the pre-war RAF, or his attempts at instigating closer integration of the Empire and its defence from inside the British Parliament. These latter actions were exactly what Mackenzie King and the Canadian government would strive to consciously avoid in the years leading up to the Second World War.

Williams, who resides in England, seems to be more comfortable with the telling of these inter-war exploits of Gault in Britain, perhaps because the records were more readily available and he had easy access to many people who could reminisce and recall Gault and his second wife, Dorothy.

Williams' claim that Gault was "an exemplar for the nation" is a rather a tall one. Gault might have epitomized "the unbreakable bonds which link Britain and Canada" as Williams claims, but he ignores the fact that Gault did little to help the city which had given him his social and commercial position in life. Montreal as Canada's financial capital, declined drastically after the war, a result due primarily to the fact that so many of Gault's talented colleagues and peers did not return from the war — men such as Talbot Papineau, Percival Molson or Guy Drummond.

He returned to living in Canada, his "idiotic country" as he called it, after the Second World War for springs and summers only. He and his wife still sought refuge in England and the Mediterranean during the Canadian winter. He died in 1958 and his funeral service was accompanied with a rendering of full military honours by his regiment. Georges Vanier, the Governor-General, and George Pearkes, the Minister of National Defence, acted as honorary pallbearers. After cremation, his British wife carried his ashes back to England and they were buried in the ancient church beside his country estate in Somerset.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ian McCulloch of the Black Watch (RHR) of Canada lives in Montreal, Quebec.

Wyndham Lewis at war with Canada!

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The Beaver December/January

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Steamer *Northcote* at Fort Edmonton, 1875

BY PETER RINDLISBACHER

This splendid evocation of the pioneer Canadian West is the first in a series of paintings of historic prairie steamers by the distinguished Canadian marine artist Peter Rindlisbacher.

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A long-lived opponent of Confederation

I read with interest your most recent issue (August-September 1996), particularly as there was an article on the National Convention which helped decide the political future of Newfoundland in the 1940s. The 50th anniversary of its election went by practically unnoticed in Newfoundland. It is good to see it get recognition somewhere.

I was equally interested in your article celebrating Canada's most elderly citizens. It is often difficult to know when to include Newfoundlanders in such an article especially if their claim to fame took place before 1949 when Newfoundland became part of Canada. There is one Newfoundlander, at least, who should have been included in your article, in as much as he was instrumental in helping to keep Newfoundland out of Confederation in 1869 and causing the in/out conundrum in the first place. The man is Peter Brennan. He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1786, and came to St. John's in 1819 where he set up business as a bonesetter. He used a block and tackle to set broken bones back in place, his usual anaesthetic being a shot of Jamaican rum. He soon became a property owner and businessman, heavily involved in the import/export trade. He was first elected to the Newfoundland House of Assembly in 1866 at the age of 80, as an opponent of Confederation with Canada, defeating a cabinet minister. He was re-elected in the 1869 election which was fought on that issue, the anti-confederates winning 21 seats to 9. He served out his term, retiring from the House in 1873 at age 87. He died on 15 April 1887 having passed his 100th birthday. His headstone at Belvedere Cemetery in St. John's claims he was a centenarian and life-long celibate. Perhaps one contributed to the other.

Best wishes for continued success with your magazine.

Bert Riggs, Archivist,
Centre for Newfoundland Studies,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Remember Doris Anderson

Because *The Beaver* magazine is shared with me by a family member, I have only recently read the December 1994-January 1995 issue "Canada's 20th Century". What a fine and memorable edition this is. Every article in it is interesting and timeless and I should like to congratulate you for compiling it.

However, there is one piece in which I feel there is an omission. The article *Daughters of the True North*, by Veronica Strong-Boag, makes no mention of the contribution made by Doris Anderson. Strong-Boag has done a very fine compilation of the women's movement in this century, but I feel it is a glaring omission to have made no mention of Anderson's monumental contribution.

She was the editor of *Chatelaine* for 20 years, during which time she developed it from a "helpful hints/true romance" type of publication to the vital and vibrant magazine which called on women to take charge of their lives. She has been president of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, and of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women.

It was Doris Anderson who had the integrity and dedication to resign from the federal Advisory Council on the Status of Women when the Liberal Government tried to manipulate the council. She then mobilized thousands of women from all across Canada to support the Ad Hoc Conference on the Constitution.

She has received numerous awards, among these possibly the most notable being the Order of Canada.

Her recent book *The Unfinished Revolution* gives details of the status of women in 12 countries in the developed world. For all of the these reasons I feel very strongly that the name of this Alberta born and educated woman should be included in any summary of the women of Canada.

Dorothy M. Gowen,
Calgary, Alberta.

George R. Hodgson

Overlooked

After reading the two articles in the June-July 1996 issue of *The Beaver* on the Olympic games entitled "Forgotten Heroes" by Glynn A. Leyshon and "Meet Me in St. Louis" by Eric Zweig, my brother Tom and I were surprised and quite disappointed that neither writer mentioned our father George R. Hodgson. He, after all, won two gold medals and set four world's records in swimming for Canada at the 1912 Olympics in Sweden.

George H. Hodgson,
Montreal, Quebec.

Inverardin

May I please be indulged if I find a tiny error in your article [The Music of History, June-July 1996]. Inverardin is in Stormont County, not Glengarry County. Furthermore, Inverardin Museum, as it is now called, is within the city limits of Cornwall. Cornwall is also the county seat for the three United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry.

John McDonald of Garth built Inverardin as his home and later sold it to his former fur-trader partner and son-in-law, John Duncan Campbell. The Campbell and McDonald descendants continued to live at Inverardin until 1965.

Stormont County has another famous fur trader of the period, Simon Fraser, who was buried at St. Andrew's Cemetery in St. Andrews.

Actually, the peoples of our three counties did much to advance the fortunes of not only themselves, but the country of Canada as well.

Veronika Pelletier,
Cornwall, Ontario.

King fan

I am writing to tell you how pleased I was to read Professor P. B. Waite's article entitled "Late Harvest: Mackenzie King and the Italian Lady" [December 1995-January 1996]. It was so good to read a positive article about Mr. King after years of seeing negative articles appearing in most periodicals about this great and generally misunderstood man.

I hope that *The Beaver* will publish more articles about Mr. King in the future and help to contribute to a more balanced and positive interpretation of his life and career.

Your periodical keeps getting better all the time. Keep up the good work!

George F. Henderson,
Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario.

Helping to save Canada

In my view, *The Beaver* could be a catalyst to solving the unity problem in Canada. The first rule in problem solving is to identify the root problem and reach agreement on what the underlying issue is. Too often the basic cause of a problem is lost in a maze of perceived problems that arise from a fundamental misunderstanding that goes unrecognized and leads to frustrating attempted solutions. You can't sell a solution unless the parties involved have first bought the basic problem. This, I suggest, is the case with the quiet revolution in Quebec.

Education has always been a provincial responsibility. For over 200 years the people of Quebec have been taught a version of history which bears little in common with the Upper Canada version of Canadian history before 1867. When I was in school (70 years ago) very little Canadian history was taught in B.C. and what we learned was the Ontario version of events leading to the founding of Canada. It matters not which is right or wrong. It matters that we all recognize the fundamental difference in what we have been told to believe. It works both ways. There is the "Root Problem" in my view.

By exposing the English version to Quebecers and the French version to the rest of Canada and selling the idea that our unity problem originates from this misunderstanding you might provide the environment for a meaningful discussion on solutions.

R. H. Edgett,
Delta, British Columbia.

Loyalists first

I read with great interest the excellent article "Mayflower Compact & Family Compact" by Chris Raible [February-March 1996]. As a resident of Kingston, Ontario, whose roots in Kingston go back to the coming of the Loyalists, I was, however, concerned with, in my view, the incorrect use of the word "settlers" in the statement: "But unlike the Plymouth Pilgrims, the Loyalists coming to Upper Canada after 1783 found a structure of government firmly in place. Already living in the area, of course, were a number of native people, as well as more recent settlers".

Many historians view the "settlements" which existed prior to 1784, often around military establishments in such places as Niagara, as strategic bases, not settlements or communities. Cataraqui, which became Kingston, was the first officially approved permanent settlement in what is today Ontario, Governor Haldimand having received Royal assent for the settlement from King George III on 12 June 1784. While in no way intending to disparage earlier "residents" in what was to become Ontario, the European descendants conform to the dictionary definition of squatters, namely, settlers on a piece of land without title or payment. The reluctance of Governor Haldimand to open up the frontier west of the Ottawa River for official settlement is well documented. The Royal assent for the settlement of the parties of Michael Grass and Peter VanAlstine in Cataraqui and Adolphustown respectively was the first demonstration of the new policy. Kingston City Council has recently approved the proclamation of 12 June as Loyalist Day on an annual basis.

Terence D. Hicks,
Kingston, Ontario.

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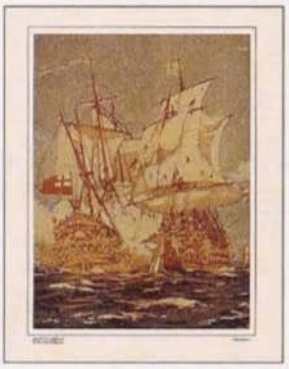

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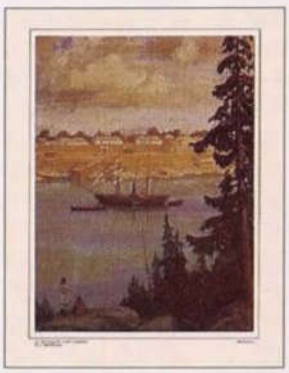

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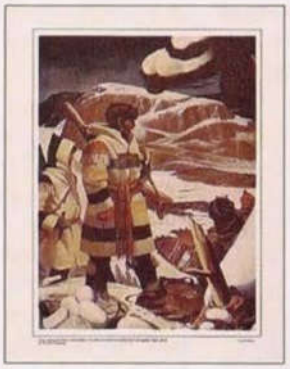

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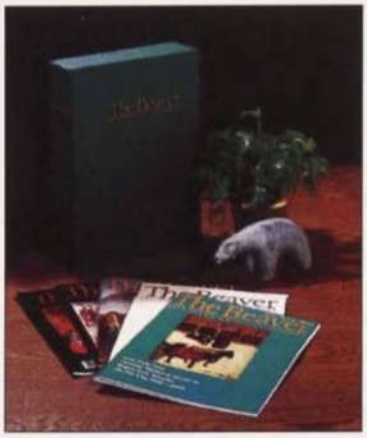

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Christopher Moore

October and the Historians

A year ago, Canada passed through the 25th anniversary of the October Crisis with only the most fleeting glances back. There was an odd news photo of the Rose brothers joining the "Yes" campaign bus, as if they wished that a Yes victory would absolve or endorse their actions of 1970, but about the events themselves little new was said. With the anniversary passed, what remains striking is the absence of substantial histories of October 1970. It is one of the few events of Canadian history large enough to be known simply by the month it took place. Yet a film that recently became widely available prompts the reflection that October remains a landmark of which our historians have yet to take stock.

In the aftermath of October 1970 there was a brief flood of instant analysis, including two chronologies, a memoir by Secretary of State Gerard Pelletier, and *The Revolution Script*, a not very successful "non-fiction novel" by novelist Brian Moore. Denis Smith expressed the anguish the War Measures Act caused among civil libertarians in *Bleeding Hearts ... Bleeding Country*. Several nationalist Quebecers asserted a sort of federalist plot, arguing that Ottawa had seized upon the FLQ's not-very-serious actions "like a gift from providence" as an excuse for terrorizing and weakening Quebec. In 1987, Pierre Vallieres went them one better by arguing the whole crisis was directed and stage-managed by Ottawa for its own purposes.

Substantial written histories of October have been scarce, but film has tried hard to fill the gap. Robin Spry of the National Film Board produced two long documentaries, *Action* and *Reaction*, and Michel Brault's *Les Ordres*, though it had little to say about the crisis itself, gave a vivid impression of life in an authoritarian state in a time of mass arrests. The approach of the 25th anniversary brought another film. *Octobre*, a drama about the four men who kidnapped and murdered Pierre Laporte, has recently become available as a video. *Octobre* mostly indicates how much October 1970 remains the property of editorialists and propagandists.

Writer-director Pierre Falardeau and his film produce the same confusion as the Roses in the "Yes" campaign.

Pierre Laporte

Octobre foams with revolutionary romance. Quebec in 1970 is a hellhole of oppression. Elected politicians are traitors and scumbags. Violent revolution is the urgent solution, and a few brave heroes take up their duty. Most of the film exhorts us to realize what terrible working conditions kidnappers must labour under. The heroes of the Chenier Cell sweat and worry their way through the ordeal. "We're militants, not killers," they declare righteously, even as they knot the rope. Their victim remains a cipher throughout, and the authorities who refuse to "negotiate" are the villains.

In that analysis, of course, Jacques Parizeau, Lucien Bouchard, and other middle-class politicians should be reviled and marked for death along with poor Pierre Laporte. But commitment to independence obliterates the logical polarity between peaceful change and violent change. Falardeau sets his film "200 years after the conquest" and puts the kidnappers amid the gallant patriots at the vanguard of the independence struggle. *Necessaire et injustifiable* (from Albert Camus) is the epigraph to *Octobre*, but it tries to justify the killing of Pierre Laporte as a difficult necessity required by the goal of independence. *Octobre* salutes October as a way station on the march to the referendum, to the freedom of Quebec.

The efforts in *Octobre* to cloak strangulation in the fleur-de-lis may be unique in treatments of October 1970. But the film left me thinking how much we remain dependent on partial and partisan arguments, and how scarce is thoughtful, detailed consideration of where October came from, and where it went. The desperate issues of life, death, and political commitment that the film raises, only to fudge and evade, still deserve attention.

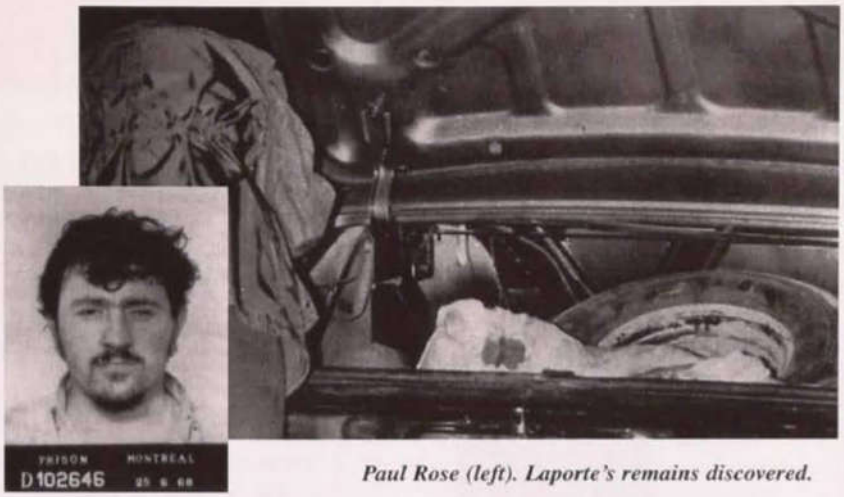
Where did October come from? François Simard, one of the convicted killers, declares in his memoirs, "We didn't do October on the basis of a book. Our political organization wasn't based on some theory." But it seems more and more obvious that they did and it was. FLQ members' own statements suggest how much the kidnappings of October were inspired by the wave of ideas that equated Quebec with Algeria or Guatemala. Romantic revolutionary theories, in which middle-class youth of the Western democracies identified themselves as third-world freedom fighters, were strong in the late 1960s. In hindsight, the FLQ resembles the Weathermen in the United States and the Red Brigade and the Baader-Meinhof gang in Europe as much as anything indigenous to Quebec.

That idea of revolution matters, because in October 1970 there was quite a lot of support for the FLQ in Montreal. There were very few kidnappers, but they did not lack for "above-ground" aid and shelter. In mass rallies and student strikes after the kidnappings, thousands of Montrealers declared their support for the FLQ. Newspapers, unions, and political parties endorsed the objectives of the FLQ manifesto published at the behest of the kidnappers. From 25 years on, it is becoming difficult to remember that end-of-the-sixties moment when revolution was chic and exciting, when otherwise law-abiding people could think of guerrilla tactics as thrilling and essentially harmless. Some historian ought to take up Montreal's experience before fragile sources and participants begin to fade away.

The "events" themselves also need dispassionate treatment. Falardeau permits his kidnappers to suggest Laporte deserved his fate because he was personally corrupt and on the Mafia payroll. Given his previous career as a crusading journalist, that seems implausible (at least), but in the absence of reliable studies, rumours and allegations have the field to themselves. It is as if we started with Oliver Stone's "JFK" and the Warren Report went unwritten.

Historians of the security apparatus have dug into some aspects of October. In a 1993 article, York University professor Reg Whitaker argued that twenty-year-old cabinet materials, now available under the Access to Information law, confirm that the decision to invoke the War Measures Act was taken by Trudeau and a few advisors without any substantial urging from the security services. And that leads to perhaps the largest question that remains unanswered and largely unaddressed, not where October came from but where it went to.

The still astonishing outcome of October 1970 was the abrupt disappearance of political violence from the debate over Quebec's future. The debate has continued apace, but Montreal has been spared the fate of Belfast, Gaza, and all the other places where terror and counter-terror feed on each other endlessly. Every contemporary history has to note that and speculate about its



Paul Rose (left). Laporte's remains discovered.

cause. Mostly, they credit the decency and good sense of the people of Montreal and Quebec and their instinctive revulsion against the FLQ's use of murder as a political strategy. The authoritative *Quebec Since 1930* by Paul-André Linteau and others says, "While many Quebecers had some sympathy for the FLQ at the beginning of the crisis, the atmosphere changed after Laporte's death," and the *Short History of Quebec* by Brian Young and John Dickinson agrees that " the murder of Pierre Laporte discredited the revolutionary movement."

Did the War Measures Act have any role in choking off the cult of revolutionary violence? Nationalist politicians in Quebec insist the point of War Measures was to terrorize and silence Quebec, and particularly to smash the legitimate, democratic forces for independence. Several historians have agreed. "Hoping to crush the independence movement in Quebec, the Trudeau government sent in the army," Young and Dickinson say flatly about the War Measures Act, and Reg Whitaker takes the same view.

If it was an attack on the PQ, however, the War Measures Act was a spectacular failure. The PQ flourished as never before once the revolutionary alternative collapsed. In any case, it is not clear what effect troops in the streets could have had on the practice of democratic politics — except to safeguard it. It would seem at least plausible for historians to investigate whether the combination of terror *and* counter-terror was what broke the temptation to espouse the romance of revolution. Surely the harsh counter attack of War Measures must have been more effective in exposing the realities of revolutionary chic than a weak response to the FLQ could ever have been.

That is the assertion of at least one history. *Canada Since 1945*, by Robert Bothwell, Ian Drummond, and John English, is rare for its directly-argued approval for the War Measures Act. They declare Canada acted "wisely and properly" to put down manifestations of support for revolution and terror, and they reject the view that Trudeau's real target was democratic dissent. But their case, like the accusation that the War Measures Act was a blow aimed at the PQ, remains an argument more than a sustained historical analysis.

Is a big book pulling together the threads of this enormous and painful moment in Canadian history likely to appear? Reg Whitaker counsels against expecting one soon. Government archives have been opening, but official files on individuals will remain closed for 20 years after their deaths. More intimidating to the would-be historian, perhaps, is the huge emotional and political freight that October 1970 still carries. Neither federalists nor sovereignists can be sure of finding vindication when the full story is aired. "Maybe nobody wants to raise this again, on either side," muses Reg Whitaker.

***Octobre*, a film by Pierre Falardeau (in French with subtitles), is widely available for video rental.**

THE SOCIETY

Quebec Historian to be Honoured

The Board of Canada's National History Society has selected Jacques Lacoursière, of Quebec City, as the recipient of the 1996 Pierre Berton Award. He is the most renowned and prolific popular historian writing in the French language in Canada.

His career spans four decades. Recognized as a careful and systematic researcher, Lacoursière is also known as a fine narrative historian as well as a lively author and commentator. He has contributed in a significant manner to kindling public interest in history by using virtually every communicators tool at his disposal — books, of which he has written several, magazines, newspapers, exhibitions, films, and radio and television programs. His substantial volume of work has been read, seen and heard by hundreds of thousands of francophones. A feature article on Lacoursière will appear in the December-January issue of *The Beaver*.

The Pierre Berton Award was established in 1994 to recognize an individual or institution for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Mr. Berton was the first recipient and he agreed to lend his name to the award in subsequent years. James H. Gray, of Calgary, the author of several popular books on Western Canadian history, received the award in 1995. Mr. Lacoursière will be presented with the 1996 Award in Montreal in November. The Award consists of a medal, a cash prize of $5,000 and a life membership in the Society.

Nominations for the 1997 competition close 30 May 1997. Further information on this program can be obtained from the Society.

New Director Elected

At the Society's annual meeting in Winnipeg in June, Brian Grose, of Toronto, was elected to the Board of the Society. Mr. Grose represents the Hudson's Bay History Foundation. The Foundation provides an annual operating grant to the Society. In addition to serving on the boards of the Foundation and the Society, Mr. Grose is Vice-President, Secretary and Controller of Hudson's Bay Company.

You are invited to visit the Society's Web Site at http://www.cyberspc.mb.ca/~otmw/cnhs/cnhs.html

Membership Cards

A subscription to *The Beaver* includes a membership in the Society and vice versa. The Society is exploring the possibility of providing membership cards on request only. This would replace the present system of automatically supplying members with a card once they join or subscribe. Before making the decision, however, the Society would like to hear from you. For instance, do members find the card of value? Have any of you used your card to gain discount admission at the museums listed on the back of the card? Your thoughts would be welcome.

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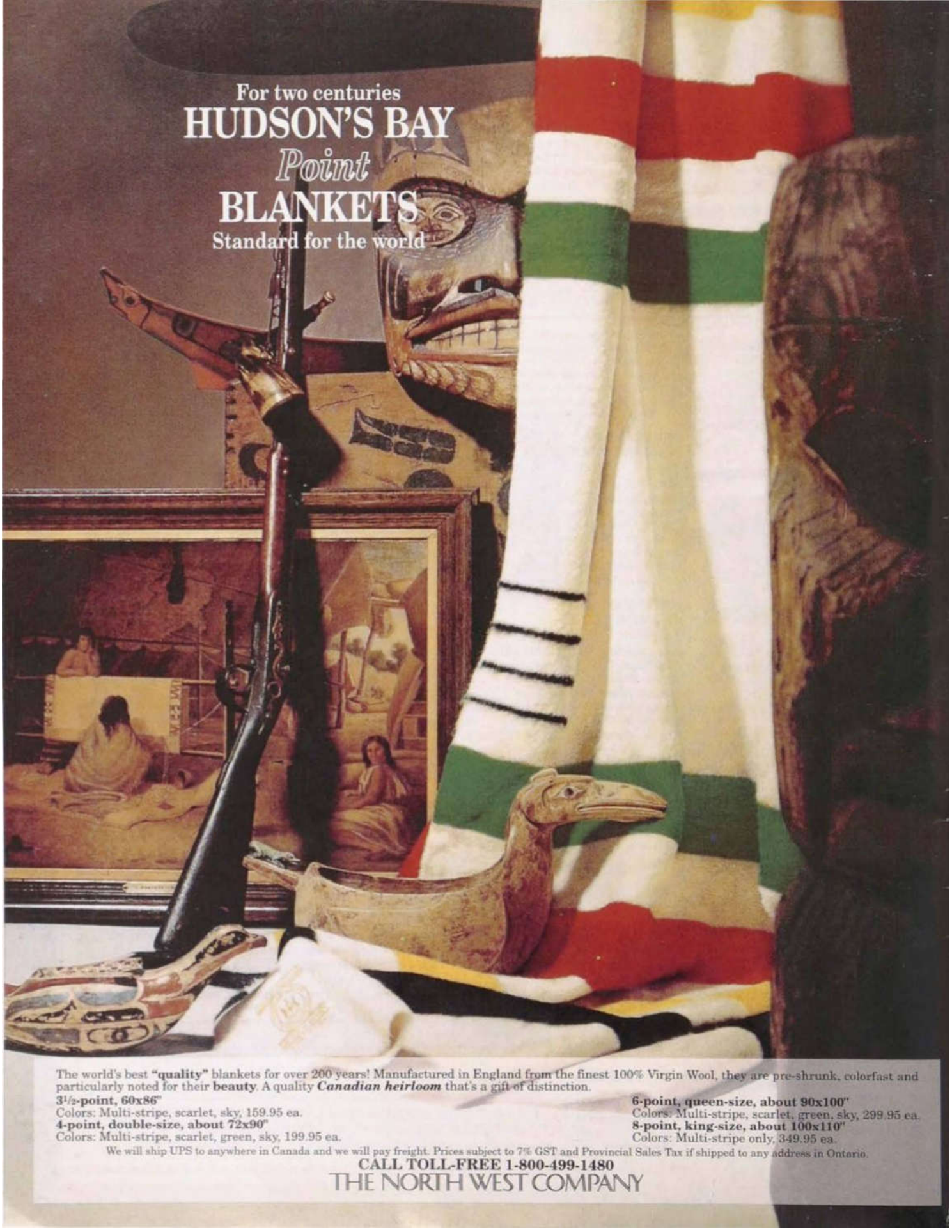

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